

OCTOBER 1972

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Maclean's

SPECIAL

Revealed: The Naked Lady in Canadian Art
Concealed: The plan to make the CFL American
Repealed: Hail and Farewell to the Graduate



Which girl married Pierre Trudeau? See page 32

INTRODUCING

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When the leaders of the federal parties are out adorning their necks with medals, voting themselves honours on portable platforms in the barren reaches of shopping plazas, voters are doubtless finding that their expanded rhetoric manages to skirt some of the real issues that affect our lives. Politicians on the stump tend to grow vague as though they were made uncomfortable by specifics, like gardeners of 30 confused by references of unaccountable passion. The Canadian political ideal remains a polite "conformity" with ideologies seeing feasibility in the left or right, depending on the persuasiveness of claims made for the popularity of competing positions. Instead of raising genuine concerns, what Pierre Trudeau, Robert Stanfield and David Lewis seem to be saying is "Gentle on me that I can sit gracefully with you as you are."

The cross-country survey of Canada's current political mood by William Crossen, which begins on the next page, indicates that most Canadians don't believe the outcome of the election will touch them very much. Too many voters have become unresponsive to the leading parties. In the new political awareness slowly taking hold in this country, it is increasingly the people themselves — not the politicians — who are attempting to understand the priorities of our national life. That's why the story of this election may turn out to be as much about the making of an electorate as the making of a prime minister.

During its 67 years of publication, Maclean's has never taken sides in a federal election since our founding as Canada's national magazine includes responsibility for reflecting a broad spectrum of political views and opinions. The magazine has consistently expressed the belief that the measure of commitment and integrity individual candidates bring to the political arena is far more important than the banner under which they travel. This issue out the first

THE VIEW FROM HERE

The Electorate And The Leaders: A Painful Choice In The Politics Of Compromise

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

down seems a particularly important one. It has seldom been more appropriate to advise voters not to cast their ballots blindly according to partisan loyalties. In the past four years, the three main parties have become more and more dissimilar — or opposed appetites for power, dedicated to self-protection and little else.

Pierre Trudeau, who swept into office as a daring reformer freeing a party full of "new guys with new ideas," now behaves like a conservative of his former self. The Liberals are up to their old-fashioned tricks of carefully having all bases of voters trying to control Quebec as though it were a fiefdom and in general behaving as if Mackenzie King were alive and well in the East Block. The Conservative Party, so recently a collection of agrarian protest and Upper Canadian Toryism, has turned into an odd sundary for political education. Robert Stanfield, far from reaching the coalition between John Diefenbaker's populism and Dufferin Gault's aristocracy, has turned himself from the "man with the winning way" into the man with the dogging soul. The NDP, once the most democratic of parties, has through its treatment of its Waffle wing become the vessel of hegemony between, leaving the left disoriented and disoriented in his blistering attacks on "corporate welfare teams." David Lewis apparently hopes to blow himself a smoke screen that will hide the disenchantment in his ranks.

Ahead of the voter can do in this unhappy situation is to vote for the candidate in his own riding he feels is most aware of what's really going on in the country, what's really important to the region he comes from, what's really in the minds of the people he wants to represent. Who wins on October 30 may turn out to be less important than who wins — what concept of the Canadian future, what qualities of leadership, perspective and courage emerge from the coalition of men who go once again to Ottawa to wrangle every our lives. ■

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VOICES FROM THE COUNTRY

BY WILLIAM CAMERON

A cross-country assessment of the electorate's state of mind

The Great Lakes were overcast. It rained everywhere. An Indian weather forecaster in British Columbia said that the moon controlled the weather, and that the moon was evidently upset because American astronauts had been walking around on it.

The country was miserable. Food prices had risen, were still rising; women in supermarkets pulled their lips at the clerks. The farmers reported crops down by half, drowned in the fields. The Prime Minister wandered the country, then called an election. So I bought an umbrella, and went across Canada. It was to be 12 attempts to find some rhythm at the base of the nation, to explore its contours, to assemble a picture of its mood: for if elections are a time when people talk back to power, surely it made sense to avoid the powerful and talk to the people. It was, after

all, their country, whether the powerful believed it or not, whether the people knew it or not.

I am a Canadian, with job-hounded Canadian ambiguities. One of my first memories is of a map of Canada, red for the land and white for the sea, hanging on a blackboard in a primary school in Vancouver. I was dreaming later in red left from right, and away from each. Even now, I can't think of those things without seeing that map, wrong left as British Columbia, right as Newfoundland, even now, north is white and arctic, the shape of Baffin Island, south is yellow, diffused, marked (on the squares of the stars) I realized only when I was older that I was learning my directions from the nautical point of a man sailing 1,000 miles up in the air over Texas.

Vancouver, under the white flag, the mountains trace the profile of a sleeping woman. Premier Bennett is brooding over his defeat. The rains have washed out a slab of highway across the bay.

From a notebook, Vancouver: federal politics means Trudeau. In four years, he has made himself synonymous with Ottawa, with power, in a way Lester Pearson never managed. He is not a captive of anything. Everything that has happened, he has made happen, or pursue.

In the bar, you put your name up on the blackboard. When six years' time, you play the winner of the last shuffleboard game. The wood is sprayed with talk. An Indian girl is the queen of this board, with a lovely supple nose who draws the champagne the women with precision. She is very drunk. Her pierce his between mugs.

"How come you're asking me all those questions?"

"I'm a writer. I'm doing a magazine article."

"What about?"

"Politics, the election."

"Trudeau?"

"Some about Trudeau."

"Well, you put this in. You tell him he should have asked to leave."

Grocery clerk, Vancouver: "He's some guy. He's got control. He makes things happen, you know? A little bit, anyway. Not enough, but what can you do?"

Two old ladies in Montreal, both French, sitting in the sun on their iron steps.

"That Trudeau, he's all right. He did it to that FLQ, all right."

"You mean the War Measures Act?"

"With the story. He's French, he knew about those French kids. You English people don't understand it. With those kids, you're got to be tough. I'll vote for him, if I live that long." Old lady's ironic laughter.

"What's it like, then, being old?"

"You'd find out soon enough. I'll tell you this, there's no pleasure in it."

Touch by touch, an image emerges. Trudeau is strong, desolate, but short, separated from the country. Cold, a manipulator, disconnected from the people. "I don't think he can touch the people." "He's a rich guy, you know." "He never had to work for a living, that's for sure." A price of roses in Ottawa exists.

Winter, Montreal: "I really believed in him. It was one

of us getting in there. But I don't even think of him as one of us anymore. He's not French Canadian, he's just a politician. He's just the same as the rest of them."

Trudeau is federal politics, his failure is that federal politicians turn around in the province, the city and the state of the neighborhood. Seacloud falls, and Stron, and Bennett. New dikes, if the prices are reasonable.

From a notebook, Montreal: In 1968, people seemed to think of Trudeau as social change, he was a writer, a speaker. It was considered, the introduction of honesty, the artist Jeanne Wilfred made a quilt dedicated to him, with the legend: *La Reine Avant La Pensee*. Reason before passion. But could anyone consider his reason less passionate than Lester Pearson's wisest thoughts?

Now the country is out of love. It is understood that the Prime Minister has taken a wife, produced a son; the pond is that he no longer slides down his own stairs, and nobody would be chosen if he did.

In this city, Montreal, I once convinced one of Trudeau's girl friends, an actress with incredibly large sensual eyes. She would no longer be interested. Neither would the country.

Well, I believed. In 1968, Trudeau seemed to be an antidote to politics. The country had been ruled by dull and stupid men, by men who had perched themselves out to compromise, an elbow to another, a leg to the sensitive lobby, as one to the next, a head in undercurrent, partners, who had sold themselves beyond honor.

Trudeau made no promises and so promised that he would run a government beyond promises. He had no need for power, and so could be trusted with it. He was not a politician.

Trudeau was accessible. I could understand him; if he was excellent and could make the country excellent, why I could approach excellence too. It seemed that most of my friends had three hopes — the country would live its dreams (which I had discovered in myself in great quantities), written and delivered (the same).

Trudeau had failed. In 1972, it seemed the country had come to its state, we were almost 20 years old, depressed, listening, bored, full of dread. The country had Quebec. I don't know much, but thought I had an idea. If we have the Prime Minister now. "Well, what does that mean? That nobody has original power? Grow up!"

Elle Maridaga, Vancouver: "The business world is frustrated."



It seems that the political experience of the country between 1968 and 1972 has been the transition of Pierre Elliott Trudeau from amateur to professional. In 1968, he was a philosopher, now, just another politician.

Arthur Lewis, a former partner of Mulcahy's, former chairman of the National Film Board, former ambassador to Israel and Mexico, former publisher of the *Victoria Times*, he sits in his rose garden in Victoria and looks at the country. He talks slowly, in the cadence of a historian who judges countries and men in terms of centuries. But an emotional crinkle of energy — the eyes become alive with the urgent message of his age.

"One thing bothered me about Trudeau from the start. He seemed to believe in the total validity of the results of logical process. The logical conclusion, that's built into the idea. But he was sensitive enough to realize logic isn't enough in human situations? Life is not logical. There's a lot of some question as to whether he is a man that in politics can give adequate weight to the emotional factors."

"Does doing this society has accelerated a hell of a lot of political shit? One has been an experience of duality. We've had to learn to live with compromise — between history and geography, tradition and change, Europe and America. London and Washington families, we've had two languages, two cultures. Catholic, Jesuitical, classical Protestant, reformist materialist. It's been difficult, very difficult. But because of qualities we've learned there are always two sides to any question and that you reach solutions through some sort of compromise. Pearson illustrated this, and only men with this kind of skill can govern this country successfully. There are compromises which go with this, of course, and Pearson exemplified them, too."

"Intellectual equipment isn't all you need to be a successful Canadian prime minister. Maybe was a failure with a magnificent mind. Bennett, not to the same degree, but similar in approach. The successors were Mulcahy, Lester, Gordon, King, Pearson."

But in 1968 the country had had enough of compromise. If Pearson was successful, the success will become visible only in a decade. An Ottawa journalist: "I think the secret of his appeal, of Trudeaumania, was this sense that he was not bound to anyone, didn't owe anything to anybody. He hadn't sold anything for power. He had learned in front somewhere, and had taken power simply by being intelligent. So he wasn't as hooked to all those grey forms that everybody thought were keeping in back. Nobody really knew what those faces were. Bay Street, maybe, or some old-fashioned idea about what a government could do and couldn't do."

"He said he was a pragmatist, and everybody thought that meant that he didn't have an ideology, that he didn't have intellectual rigidities, and so could find new solutions. But in fact I think he discovered that being a pragmatist wasn't all that much help. He found out that the country is actually set on a very narrow path. A lot of its direction is determined by an unshakable set of circumstances, ideologies, history. So he could do very little. He couldn't change anything."

"The point is that everybody thought he would be honest. If he found a difficult to change the government, he'd say so — he'd say look, I'm disillusioned with this. He would respond to it."

"But he shows no sign of that. He's still the same public man he was in 1968, but now people are turned off, they think he's just like all the others. That's going to be trouble for him in the election, because the bulk of his appeal was that he wasn't like all the others."

A former in Regent, an officer of the National Patriotic Union. "We're back to square one with this guy. At

least the Pearson Liberals made some attempt to pay an answer to us, to try to find out what was going on. But I think Trudeau's just given up on the Prairies. We won't vote for him, and he won't do anything for us. Jesus Christ, we've got the most serious problem in the country our home, the future, our future, every body's going broke, and all they can do is play games with sewage payments. The country's being run from Toronto, by Toronto, just the way it used to be."

A graduate, Vancouver: "Sure, we bought the guy in 1968, and now BC feels more isolated than ever. We're back to those old concerns: bought rights, the feeling that we're a dumping ground for Ontario products, high prices."

A university student, Calgary: "I think Trudeau was a Toronto phenomenon anyway. You guys sold Trudeau to the country — my God, we couldn't turn on the TV set without hearing somebody saying a thing about how good he was. Well, he was great for Toronto, but you don't realize that what's great for Toronto doesn't cut any ice out here — we love Toronto because you've been living off us for years. You control the government, you control the Prime Minister, and he couldn't do anything about it even if he wanted to. Okay, but don't try to kid Albertans about national unity. You're Albertans first, and Canadians second. Toronto is the enemy."

A kid, about 19, in a plaid / continued on page 2



Arthur Ingh, Victoria: "Canada has lived with compromise."

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TRAVELERS CANADA

short, standing outside on employment agency in Regina.
 "Any jobs going in there?"
 "None, nothing."
 "You from Regina?"
 "Sure. I had a firm up north. My parents had it. About 100 miles north of here."
 "Where'd you live?"
 "Couldn't make a living. Couldn't get anywhere."
 "What are you going to do now?"
 "Maybe go out to Vancouver. You been there?"
 "Yeah, I just came from there."
 "Any jobs out there?"
 "I don't know. I don't think there are very many."
 He gives me a long, cold look. "Well, I guess you got a pretty good job, don't you?"

Calgary, the day after the end of the Stampede. The air is grey, and the city is hanging under a leaden, rain-filled sky. I find a few people standing outside, waiting for a snowstorm, waiting for something to happen.
 "You got any spare change?"
 "Uh, no."
 An Indian, "Where are you from, man?"
 "Black cat."
 "No, you wouldn't have any spare change, would you?"

From a notebook, Winnipeg. Maybe we've been kidding ourselves that there is a country here at all. When you travel in the West, people refer to themselves as Americans. They talk about America, and where it's going, and people are Albertans, or Québécois, or B.C.men, or Manitobans. You only hear people talk about Canada in Ontario, and maybe that's right, because Ontario runs Canada anyway. The railway didn't work; we are a collection of nation states, provincial states, with little in common but mutual resentment.

In an election, people will vote against Quebec, Toronto, Vancouver, wherever or whatever they feel is exploiting them.

The only apparent bridge between the native states at the time of the election, the businessmen. Bank executives are the same in Vancouver as they are in Halifax, they read *The Financial Post*, and talk about exports. Maybe they're the true Canadians.

They have a consensus about the Trudeau government. They hate it.

On the face, it is difficult to find reason. The government has released documents that indicated it might pursue policies the businessmen would find acceptable, when the documents were translated into legislation, the businessmen found they had very little to complain about. Edgar Benson's White Paper on Taxation was a dilution of the recommendations of the Carter Commission; the new tax legislation, when it emerged, was a dilution of the white paper. The government's policy on foreign takeovers indicated that these businessmen who used to tell the company out could do so, the official Grey Report was a dilution of its original draft, the proposed legislation a further compromise. A Competition Act was proposed, considered, and withdrawn for second thoughts.

Bill Hamilton, once a member of Diefenbaker's cabinet and now an industrial consultant, has an office above Vancouver's Bernard Hotel; over his shoulder, as he talks, I am aware of ships pinging. He is the kind of man who might control these ships, look down and change their courses. I have a sudden feeling of what it must be like to be powerful — the sheer pleasure of pushing a button, making a telephone call, and moving great weights of

metal and men and money.

Hamilton speaks quickly, with certainty. "I think business is conspired with the government. It doesn't understand why the government doesn't use the power it has — or that business thinks it has — to resolve by fiat the problems of the country. The business community is unique in that it still has faith in itself, any businessman has spent his life solving problems, and if he knows what the problem is he'll find a way to look it. But now he's being surrounded by uncertainties. The new Labor Act says that if a company gets in certain technological changes, its labor contract could be null and void, it can be with disruption. The Competition Act. A whole group of uncertainties, uncontrollable factors: inflation, the floating exchange rate — and businessmen are frustrated when they're sure these uncertainties could be resolved, but are not being resolved."

Russ Howe, a young industrialist, a cool well-mannered manager, a master of technology and boardroom for a commercial empire in Vancouver. "Half-decisions, this government is in the business of half-decisions. We get out of NATO, almost, sort of. We have a foreign investment policy, sort of. It's a mediocre government."

We are not competitive on the world markets, and we rely heavily on our exports — the government isn't helping. We must become competitive; business creates jobs, that's the only way you can do it, and instead we're fooling around with little half-

/ continued on page 126



Vancouver "How come you're asking me all these questions?"



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Electoral reform is supposed to be a time when the question of status exists in a democratic society, it is the time when they can, presumably, change the system. One might reasonably expect such an event to be followed with real enthusiasm, excitement and deep interest.

None of this holds true for the present mood in Quebec. The overwhelming feeling among people here seems to be that the coming federal election will change nothing. The event is treated, both in the media and in personal conversations, with an air of boredom or indifference. A consensus of this attitude could be perceived as early as last April when the *Montreal Star* published a poll that showed that almost 60% of all French Canadians had no personal stake in any federal party.

In this context, Claude Ryan has written, "It is proper to ask ourselves if there is room in the national psyche for a Quebecer who does not accept federalism in its present form."

The only local source of interest has been provided by maneuvering of party hopefuls as they vie with each other for nominations and party approval. But this is a game in which outsiders cannot participate. For the general public there has been no single issue to enlighten what has become a tedious race. Not even the possibility of Claude Wagner joining the PCs has roused much interest. The protracted negotiations, the tedious game of will be or won't be, the rumored sums of money involved, have only enhanced the state of cynicism with which federal elections are regarded.

An independent French radio voted for Trudeau in 1968, exposing the federal race, encounters in many different regions in Quebec. "What's there to get excited about? I don't give a damn who gets in. Liberals, Conservatives, NDP, they're all the same when it comes to Quebec. They're all federalists sympathetic to our struggle. As a Quebecer I have the same distressed feelings for the federal elections as I do for the U.S. election, only the latter are more interesting to follow."

René Lévesque asserted that there is a recent press conference: "As long as this deep internal contradiction exists in Quebec-Ottawa relations, changing the actors in the stage won't make things different. Nothing in the election will in itself determine the future of Quebec. Briefly, however," he added, "it's an occasion to explain."

This is the first federal election to see the Parti Québécois as an established political force, and though the PQ will not participate actively, most of the campaigns internal will likely (and usually) come from there. René Lévesque has already jumped into the fray by announcing that this may be the last federal campaign to take place in Quebec. He has also stated that he has every intention of challenging all electoral statements and previous concerning Quebec. On a more practical level, the PQ considers its involvement in the election campaign as "a grand rehearsal" for the provincial election of 1974. A chance to try out its new propaganda team.

Even Prime Minister Trudeau's allies, the provincial Liberals, are determined to turn the campaign into a trial where the inadequacies of centralized federalism will be exposed. Premier Bourassa and recently that it would not be a bad idea if a minority Liberal government were elected in Ottawa, implying that it would be more receptive

BY ANN CHARNY



René Lévesque

Election '72 The Least Murrah

illuminates "National identity" is a hollow phrase here. This time more many of the people who voted Liberal in 1968 may again support Trudeau for want of an alternative. But they will do so with no enthusiasm and with little optimism. And who can blame them? The country has not been tested, confusion and inner unemployment remain serious problems. Bilingualism has brought about an anti-French backlash while gaining few, if any, converts among anti-federalists in Quebec.

What all this will mean in voting returns in Quebec remains uncertain. Another poll, taken in mid-April among francophones outside Montreal, showed that while only 28% of the voters were inclined with the Trudeau government some 51% said they would vote for him. That's 6% higher than the Liberal vote in 1968.

Stare as these statistics may seem they are not without significance — not so much as a forecast of political power or local apathy as an indication of Ottawa-Quebec relations. Revelation of how it goes, Quebec seems to approach Ottawa with mistrust and disbeliever at heart.

A documentary film which has recently played here with success offers more insight into the political scene in Quebec than most could and a great part of the analysis that goes with them. Made by Dennis Arundel, the film is called *Quebec: Duplessis dead After...* and it suggests, by comparing footage of the Duplessis 1958 campaign and the 1970 election that in many ways the nature of political power in Quebec has remained unchanged. Elections remain necessary rituals to provide people with the illusion of change. It also suggests that people here are aware of this and are highly cynical.

In Quebec City, a play about Duplessis starring Jean Deschamps has been filling the theatre nightly. The play evokes the Trudeau of the anti-Duplessis years and, as a confirmation of the Arundel thesis, it ends with the audience laughing at Trudeau and laughing with Duplessis.

Much of the present pre-election mood in Quebec has been created by those federalist and anti-federalist of the past. Centenary plays of a sort, they reveal certain basic attitudes that will come into play during the election and long after it. For Quebec, in a sense, the federal election is only a sideshow. ■

Ann Charny is a Montreal writer.

make it with Gilbey's the tall 'n frosty one



Looking back now on the past four and a half years of Canada's political life, it is a shock to realize how little has changed. After the frantic Diefenbaker-Pearson decade, in the wake of the Trudeau year and Expo 87, the election of 1982 seemed destined to be a turning point. Many people felt Canadian politics would never be the same.

The notion of that expectation was one man—and that, undoubtedly, was the flow. Pierre Trudeau, it is true, was a new kind of party leader. He seemed so rapidly intellectual, determined, courageous, unassuming, frank, even asapolitical. His steps were so different from those who preceded him that he was virtually an instant upon the scene.

That Trudeau campaign of 1968 made him, collectively, many things to many people. But there was one overriding impression: that he was a truly progressive. Remember the intellectual elitism in 1967? They had focused incessantly for years between liberalism in the Liberals, conservatism in the Conservatives, socialism in the NDP, suddenly they were all Trudeauites. "The Man For Tomorrow," one Toronto magazine called him.

Nobody had expected that Robert Stanfield would establish new directions for Canadian politics. After the impetuous leadership of the Diefenbaker years, Stanfield's unassuming devotion to the decent conventions of the existing system was reassuring. But he was really the prisoner of a party whose disparate elements were at war. He was not going to be an saviour.

In contrast, even Trudeau's opponents expected a new kind of politics, an identifiable political alternative from the new Prime Minister. But that alternative has never materialized in substance. After a number of impressive beginnings, Trudeau has joined Stanfield in straddling every fence. In the jargon of a profession even older than politics, the two leaders have been cautious in working both sides of every street.

The substance of politics and election campaigns is largely monopolized by the largest parties, the Liberals and the Conservatives. Yet it is almost impossible to deny what they represent in political alternatives and what they represent their goals. Their leaders, Trudeau and Stanfield, so different in style and character, are devoted to the hot pursuit of oddly similar politics—the doctrinal struggle to seize the highroad of the indecisive and unmanageable political centre.

The New Democratic Party would like to debate the alternative politics of democratic socialism. The NDP has always attracted a constant core of voters, but they amount to less than 20% of the electorate, consequently the two older parties feel safe in ignoring (or occasionally re-accepting) their policies. The only other party, Social Credit, with its volatile economic theories, remains a fundamentalist aberration of the forgotten, scattered rural Quebec.

This tradition of indecisive, expedient politics at least partly explains why so little has changed since 1968.

It is doubtful that any Canadian prime minister came to office with quite the same frustration with the sheer mechanics of power as Pierre Trudeau. He was, and is, absorbed by the technique of government, and even before he entered politics he was sure that the tools for the job would be superior to that of any of his predecessors. "Such tools will be made up of advanced technology and

BY JOHN GRAY



Pierre Trudeau

Four Fuzzy Years

scientific investigations as applied to the fields of law, economics, social psychology, international affairs, and other areas of human behaviour, in short, if not a pure product of reason, the political tools of the future will be designed by more rational standards, thus replacing what are currently using in Canada today."

The new system would rest on those pillars. Cabinet ministers in specialized committees would examine every legislative proposal from every conceivable angle, the offices of the Prime Minister and the Policy Council would be expanded to become a super-department for Trudeau himself, expert facts and ideas would be amassed on such areas of public concern as the starting point of every policy.

The first step was to dispose with those perennial jokes of Ottawa, the royal commissions. They were too slow, too general. Their prestige was as low because too often they had been used merely to avoid rather than clarify problems. Instead, the government turned to more specialized task forces and individual experts for comprehensive information and policy recommendations. Task forces became almost a fact in the early months of the Trudeau regime.

The essence of the opposition politics in the new structures of decision-making has been erratic. The Conservatives, in particular, have seemed oblivious to the idea that this might be a new and perhaps totally necessary departure in government, they repeatedly insisted about the size of the Prime Minister's staff, denouncing it arrogantly as wasteful magnificence and a vicious assault on the rights of parliament.

When Stanfield was asked how he would cope with the whole process of decision-making, his response was usually that he would devote much more time to coordination and consultation with the people than Trudeau has done. Beyond those criticisms, there is no evidence that the Conservatives have spent any time in studying the evolution of policy and the mechanics of decision-making.

David Lewis, the NDP leader, is more sympathetic to the need of a prime minister for a competent staff, but he is ambivalent about the aggrandizement of the prime minister's office. A strong staff could be a useful antidote to bureaucratic sluggishness, but he fears it could also destroy the initiative of the civil service in developing and administering policy.

In addition, Lewis believes that the concentration of power around the prime minister is politically dangerous. (The fact, Lewis's concern is shared by one cabinet minister who told his department to keep Policy Council officials out of his territory.)

For all the innovation and imagination of the evolution of policy, the actual policies of the Trudeau government have been notably unimaginative. It has been suggested that Trudeau and his staff have been effectively hypnotized by the process.

The exception always cited, such as the Anti-Inflation Bill and Opportunities For Youth, were conceived and approved apart from the normal policy process. The first came from Trudeau's special assistant, Ivan Rand, with little help from External Affairs; as a sophisticated method of establishing Canadian sovereignty over the waters of the Arctic. Opportunities For Youth, like the recent Social Land Inflation Program, was put together in a brief period

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A more significant measure of the Trudeau government is apparent in those policies that evolved after a long, careful and elaborate period of gestation. These were the "priority problems" so carefully defined in the early months of the Trudeau administration. Tax reform, native peoples, status of women, urban affairs, housing, election expenses, business competition, social policy, drugs (particularly marijuana), and foreign ownership of the Canadian economy.

Each of these reviews resulted in recommendations for sweeping and sometimes radical changes in public policy. On each of these issues, the Trudeau cabinet retreated in confusion and embarrassment. Either cabinet ministers rejected the recommendations handed to them, or they hastily watered down their own initial policy at the first sign of criticism. Each retreat was inevitably camouflaged with a flourish of rhetoric about bold progress. A Liberal cabinet minister (and not a crackpot ideologist) recently complained to a friend that "This government has not saved from even pressure groups that any government I've ever seen. It seems to be everybody's darling."

The subtleties of the new policy process under Trudeau have been largely and perhaps willfully misunderstood by opposition politicians. Within the government, but outside the charmed circle of Trudeau's most favorites, the reaction has been one of cynicism and frustration. One senior civil servant shrugs off the whole structure of policy-making under Trudeau as a charade. They know nothing about planning anyway, he believes, and they gave up any pretence when public opinion polls started to turn sharply against the government in early 1976. From that point on, he said, the brilliant new rationality was sacrificed to old-fashioned political expediency.

Repeatedly the personal predilections of the Prime Minister himself have frustrated a rational policy process. Despite task force reports and amiable representations from his own MPs, for example, Trudeau demanded the whole issue of housing and urban affairs. After all, he told the strident Liberal critics one day, he had recently bought house after house in Quebec and put up a casino for about \$5,000. What was the housing problem?

The government has been notably influenced by the strength of conservative voices in the cabinet, led by Mitchell Sharp and Jean-Luc Poirier, who have campaigned for the interests of the business community. Although this licence failed to deter Bryce McChesney's labor legislation, it was triumphant on other crucial issues such as tax reform, election expenses, business competition and foreign ownership. The foreign ownership policy eventually produced by the government remains one of the least defensible of the past four and a half years. Before the issue became any kind of public cause, Trudeau had written about it very knowledgeably in his days as a quiet academic. Indeed, he went so far as to suggest that governments had taken no action to restrict foreign ownership because their hands were tied by election contributions — "the hand problems must always preserve their rights."

In this case, Trudeau managed to tie into a neat bundle two of the problems that would confront his government 15 years later. Foreign ownership has been the subject of two task force reviews and long study by a parliamentary committee. Election expenses were scuffed by

a preposterous committee of inquiry and a parliamentary committee. On both issues, the studies were shelved in both cases, the resultant legislation was a fiasco.

Still, 15 years as a long time and Trudeau has shown no recent inclination to waste the hours of his administration. He prefers to risk vaguely the repeated variety of ways in which his government has endorsed "The Canadian Identity." Nationalism seems doomed as an election issue. Sea-field worries whether restrictions on foreign ownership might not be regarded in other parts of the country as "southern Ontario imperialism," but even he scorns the government's legislature. David Lewis, who would like to debate the issue, will probably end up talking to himself.

The Prime Minister started with apparent conviction in the field of Canada-U.S. relations. After President Nixon's emergency economic measures last year caused renewed doubts about the viability of old-style drinkups, Trudeau began making overtures about the need for greater trade-potential and new friends, like the Soviet Union. The trial balloons lasted just a couple of months before Trudeau sharply cut the string and began talking earnestly with old Dick Nixon about historic breakthroughs.

The government's reluctance to legislate the simple possession of marijuana and hashish, as recommended by the LeDain commission, is more understandable. It is doubtful that the general public, which still equates marijuana with heroin and cocaine, is ready for such a change. It is equally doubtful whether the government would have been prepared to make any substantive changes on such a touchy issue, no matter what their high-powered economists recommended. But why did they set it up in the first place?

In fact, the Prime Minister has been feeling pains of unexpected loss from those he has sought to serve. On an open-line radio show during the summer he expressed delight that the column were not "people hating about their own private problems."

Yet, in spite of changes in the rain, the Trudeau government cannot be identified as merely conservative. Nothing is quite that simple. The two major cleavages in the cabinet have split in quite opposite directions. Eric Kierulff began preaching policies much closer to those of the NDP, but when Paul Hellyer left the scene of the night, he began to mature quickly about Communism being in control in Ottawa.

Looking back on Trudeau's term of office, the outstanding impression is that, with few notable exceptions, Trudeau has been remarkably free political souls. The most obvious exception has been his view of the constraints and Quebec's role in Confederation — Quebec would be helped economically and French would be equal as a language in English in the federal government, but there would be no jurisdictional privileges for Quebec and no romantic sympathy for French-Canadian nationalism. From the Official Languages Act to the War Measures Act, he has been true to these goals.

In general, however, the Prime Minister is not readily identified with goals or purposes. His own definition of the role of government is to anticipate problems and to avoid crises. That is the saying that the ship of state must stay off the rocks; it says nothing about a destination. ■

John Gray is a member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery



Robert Jurek

No One Expected New Directions

defectors from the cabinet have split in quite opposite directions. Eric Kierulff began preaching policies much closer to those of the NDP, but when Paul Hellyer left the scene of the night, he began to mature quickly about Communism being in control in Ottawa.

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INSIDE MACLEAN'S

Heather Robertson is a teacher. Her roots are in Winnipeg, and she intends to stay there. I'm aware of the benevolent serenity and energy that our parents and grandparents and the housewives of the West poured into this land. My traditions in short. Everything in Winnipeg is meaningful to me," she says. "We grow up with different perceptions in the West. We become sceptics at first of the miracle she delivers each hour and from day to day. We are in tune with the contours of the land."

When Heather Robertson writes of the Horner family dynasty which begins on page 48 of this *Maclean's* she speaks from a gut understanding of what makes these visceral aggressive men of the land tick. "I don't identify with the Horner politically, but I respond to their tough, honest, no-b.s. kind of attitude toward a life in all things."

Heather herself is a "no-b.s. kind of writer" — strong, tough, honest, whether she's writing her TV column for this magazine, a feature article or her book *Reverendation: An Exile's Journey* which she completed in 1988. She began writing on the *Maclean's* campus paper became editor, turned on to the steady pleasure of opinion writing.

In those days, I suddenly wrote to provide a magazine (and so the feedback is important to me). After university, she moved onto the Winnipeg Free Press and the Winnipeg Tribune as a general reporter, TV and drama critic. Between 1964 and 1971 she was a radio producer with CBC, public affairs and an interviewer and story editor with television public affairs.

Researching *Reverendation: An Exile's Journey* was a redemptive experience. In 1965 India organized for the first time to protest racial injustice. The civil rights movement led by Martin Luther King was still strong in the U.S. and Heather wondered whether a similar movement might emerge in Canada. She travelled to over the West to chronicle it. The experience was shocking. "Because of my association with Indians, I found that many white people began to treat me as though I were an Indian — with great condescension. I had been a member of the NAACP majority and this gave me a new perspective and influenced my writing."

Heather Robertson is the kind of writer *Maclean's* wants to publish. Who she is, where she comes from. An author's voice. ■



Happiness is having a mother to love you!

And nine-month old Lin, so comradely, waits her turn as the wobbler for her "mother" to give her a nursing bottle of warm milk.

Lin's "mother" is a staff member at Hong Kong's home bank mostly by Canadian funds and to Lin the bank's bagpipes and security — and most important — love.

You see, said the case to us, the little girl had been badly neglected and abused. Her mother died where Lin was born and her father, the apparent scion after Lin, he was left alone in the black void. Now he comes into the world from her mother's womb, desperately undernourished. Lin, he had been deprived of the warm, loving atmosphere that all babies need if they are to thrive.

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Your View continued

in contradiction with the people's attitude. I quite frankly think you have misread the people's opinion. If they really give as much of a damn as you seem to think (or at least sincerely hope) they would do something.

How loud were the protests when the Grey report was made public? Nothing more than a whisper, while the Americans housed a great deal of relief, or, I suppose like hysteria in our stupidity.

After Walter Gordon was killed, I just gave up hope though renewed a bit with the advent of the Wolfe. But now, the last hope of a true Canadian, the NDP, is subverted to the labor issues which happen to be largely American.

The only possible solution to our economic problems is a new type of politician, one who is not afraid to tell the Americans what to go.

WM J DEL GRANDE, CANADIAN

Correction

"I can only presume she wears a 'bra,'" writes Ms. McCracken of someone she alleges to be my wife — *The Dream Of Adeline* (Clarion) (Seymour).

While I don't have the habit of washing dirty lingerie in public, I don't mind telling your readers know that in this case they aren't to wash. This would be a nagging point of McCracken had not been repeated her misapprehension that Adeline is guilty of bed-wetting among her other un-Canadian activities. If this reporter who so modestly describes himself as a "free-lance revolutionary Max Masland" was too foolish to ask Adeline that question directly, she would surely have asked me during the three hours she spent with me in rambling conversations.

Of her six other fabrications of this kind left me just matters as many, as it is deemed significant enough to find its way into the article's subtitle. My friend,

may as we were cracker. Gordon's Whiskey McCracken's fantasies may be Adeline has never asserted her own volition on her. Though one of the few things McCracken did not reveal about his own personal life was her relationship with recently deceased. I can tell you that we make our own.

STEPHEN CLARKSON, TORONTO

Oldies but goodies

Come, come, John Hoffer, you know better than to romanticize with senility—*Peter* (August). To refer with admiration to Alfred Hitchcock because his last film was "the greatest triumph of mind over matter" is not only ill-mannered but highly misinformed. All though all men age, senility is not inevitable. Hitchcock and Bresson have given us good films in their later years and because they transcended their senility (as responsibility anyway) but because the process of maturation took none of their skills and increased their wisdom. Hopefully it will in good time happen to McCracken's film critic.

ESTHER BIRCH, VANCOUVER

Ms-taken
Patricia Lee's article — *Lower Of A Liberated Woman* (August) — is installed. She is not a liberated woman, she is just plain stupid.

STEPHEN BEGGEDER, KATHERINE CLOUGH, TORONTO

• I recently read the article *Lower Of A Liberated Woman* (August) and the article regarding the program about the Women's Liberation Movement.

Patricia Lee has extracted a ridiculous concept from the women's movement. It certainly does not dictate that a woman must have a career in order to be a person. She must however become engaged in choosing a lifestyle for herself.

My second reaction was one of sympathy. Sympathy for Patricia — who seems for the single life, who finds of herself as a "screaming dove", who is "lucky" and worn out and "miserable" by her own admission. Sympathy for her husband, who knows his wife is willing "to murder her family" for her job. That must be great for him. It is also significant that her husband is rarely mentioned in the article. The point she presents of him is that of the guy who faces the mother and takes the kids to the doctor and the dentist — when his wife. My real sympathy has with the children.

"Liberated" Patricia Lee is not, as she herself says. And the certainty was and is being, unless to her family if she can't or won't accept her responsibilities in one for four. She seems scorn in her article in a very unhappy woman who has women her lamp as a cry for help. She is so busy trying to "achieve" that she can't just "be."

MAUREEN RUCHMAN, PARKY SOUND, ONT.

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A liberated woman is one who has searched inwardly, who accepts what she sees and who is permitted by society to be that unique human being. Patricia Lee just doesn't fit that description. She appears to be a very unhappy person who is looking desperately for somewhere to place the blame — on her suffering marriage, on her kids, even on her hapless toasts.

It would seem that the ideal solution would be for Ms. Lee to leave her family and be "free." Is she perhaps afraid to abandon all those wonderful crutches she has? Does she suspect that she would be a miserable wreck anyway, with no one to take care of her?

Remember, Susan, the right to crumple in this big world also comes the right to be an occasional failure!

MR. TIM MURPHY, SASKATCHEWAN

• My first reaction to Patricia Lee's article — *Lower Of A Liberated Woman* (August) — was one of anger. I was furious at her assumption that all liberated women had a taste that turns loosely as she did with an unhappy wife with their life in the city only in it. And, finally, that she has chosen to work there playing off her husband and family of her own free will.

My second reaction was one of sympathy. Sympathy for Patricia — who seems for the single life, who finds of herself as a "screaming dove", who is "lucky" and worn out and "miserable" by her own admission. Sympathy for her husband, who knows his wife is willing "to murder her family" for her job. That must be great for him. It is also significant that her husband is rarely mentioned in the article. The point she presents of him is that of the guy who faces the mother and takes the kids to the doctor and the dentist — when his wife. My real sympathy has with the children.

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MAUREEN RUCHMAN, PARKY SOUND, ONT.

Let's be personal

In her shell concerning again Canadian TV Heather Robertson mentions two Canadian programs: *John and Margaret* — Television South. With 20 years of programming she has only two Canadian programs to mention.

She mentions "colorful and excellent shows" like *AD About Women* plus

continued on page 22

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A cut above the others

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Your First column

Fraa Robertson ever says in a parade of 40 About Women? If so, where? If not, how does she make it so colorful and succinct?

She describes Patrick Watson as a "man" in New York. Can she define the meaning of "man" in terms of Watson? She mentions the "accident" several columns who said so conspicuously within the CBC? Can Fraa Robertson name a no column, no column, no column or otherwise within the CBC?

She writes that "CBC would be fined in discrimination from Toronto" and "there would come pouring out of Vancouver, Winnipeg, Montreal." Does this woman seriously mean that word "pouring"? We had two programs from Winnipeg this past season. Both did in agony.

She mentions "bird" ones over the "facing of old Presbyterian." What old Presbyterian? Of all church membership in Canada less than 6% in Presbyterian and less than 10% of that 6% are old by legal definition under the Health and Welfare department.

Surely Marlow's can find someone more temperate and more accurate to write about Canadian television.

Incidentally, that 20-year old for Canadian TV is also inaccurate. I was on Canadian TV, live, for 16 days (later from a day or 48 hours) in 1958. That was before the beginning of World War II and possibly before Missus Robertson was born.

GORDON SINCLAIR TORONTO

Ramsay's reply

Regarding ex-Sir's Sergeant Peck's letter in your last issue, I know many members who strive under him. What they say of him leaves the force little to be proud of. Peck provides an excellent example of the attitude that exists within the force.

In his letter Peck confirms and agrees with the statement I claim the force deals with its alcoholic members. My *Chief Agent*, The RCMP (Jury). His *Chief Agent* Service Court is far and the members always too leniently dealt with. What a wonderful defense could be made here.

I hope Peck's message does not go above the head of Mr. Goyne. He avoids his responsibility to Brown, who has himself to death under his command, by stating "There is no room in the force for those who are physically mentally or socially weak." Peck's attitude is typical of that attitude in many areas of the force and the very reason for my article. Thank you Mr. Peck, for allowing the Canadian people to hear it from the "honour's mouth."

DICK RAMSAY EDISON



"We thought we were in a peaceful village until we realized we were being stalked by the primitive Mudmen of New Guinea."

1 Anna and I always wanted to visit a tribe of Mudmen to see one of the Sing Sing ceremonies. George Mayfield left us. Our guide Peter Gaudin refused to tell us exactly what the ceremony entailed, just to frighten the customer a little. But we got more than we bargained for. We followed the

Assau River into the New Guinea interior to a village where it was rumored there might be a Sing Sing. Sure enough there were only women and children in the huts. Peter said the men must be in the jungle preparing for the ceremony and went to look for them. Anna and I waited near the village.



2 Suddenly a lone woman appeared out of the dark and moved slowly toward us. My first reaction was to grab Anna and run. But then I realized that we were being stalked by at least thirty women in a line of marching slow motion. Anna and I were certain we were done for, trapped when taking pictures of the whole incredible thing. The Mudmen are highly unpredictable and even Peter became concerned.



3 Peter showed to the Mudmen to lead us to the village and stood up to talk with them in Sing Sing. Peter was found and that was the end of the Sing Sing. Anna and I were in a lot of trouble when we were taken to the village and we could understand how

4 "Back in Canada our hotel owner was a no goodie to get and we should have talked about our adventure with the Mudmen. Even when we were with the night club. Called an 'Club' 'Society' as the word. My flow of pictures showed as a picture. It is a photograph that is light enough for women and boys enough for men. The whole thing is 'The Best of the Best' in the world."



Canadian Club

Canadian Club is distilled and bottled in Walkerville by Hiram Walker & Sons Limited



As the sons of our side of this century
are, the struggle we picked up at public
school. The beaver. The maple leaf.
They are both creepy and central, and if
they disappear, the Expos and the Ca-
nada will be in replacement.

The beaver, evidently, is not a wife — she
maintains her scratching their roots in
specially designed containers. But the
maple leaf, it turns out, is in trouble.
The maple leaf. Our national symbol.
Disappearing.

It has become fairly common knowl-
edge lately that other trees are in dan-
ger; many of them have developed their
own insect predators — the spruce bud-
worm, the jack-pine budworm and the
larch sawfly, for example — and Dutch
elm disease, which was first spotted in
North America in 1930, has in the re-
latively short time since done for most of
our elms. But the maple has always
seemed to be fairly tough.

Seemed to be, and most people tell it
as fact. There are, after all, quite a number
environmental problems to keep us oc-
cupied. But some people have been get-
ting seriously worried about the maple.
Betty Barbych, for example, of Bur-
lington, Ontario, noticed that the maples
in her area were in terrible shape, and
wrote to Maclean's. "It is my opinion
that we've really well gone and done it
Upset the ecological balance." Miss Bar-
bych also wrote to the Department of
Lands and Forests, Environmental Pro-
tection Branch, who weren't surprised.
Environmental experts point out, weir-
dly, that there is no reason to expect the
maple to be doing any better than the
rest of the ecology.

Professor C. B. Kelly of the Ontario
Agricultural College, Department of
Environmental Biology, University of
Guelph, said, "The loss of American
elms due to the Dutch elm disease has
focused attention on our remaining
large trees, many of which are sugar
maples and other maples."

"In addition to old age and often un-
favorable soil conditions, roadside and
street trees, especially, may suffer from
parenteral, bulldozer disease and the
sprawling of modern growing cities.
Trees growing along highways, rural
roads and even farm lanes suffer from
soil compaction caused by heavy ve-
hicles, automobile exhaust fumes where
traffic is heavy, salt splashed on the tops
during winter, and reduced shadeless
and drench. The sugar maple is espe-
cially sensitive to any disturbance of the
root system."

There are about 10 different kinds of
maple trees native to Canada (not of
more than 100 in the world) and each of
them, it seems, is in danger of dying. The
sugar maple in Nova Scotia, for ex-
ample, is attacked by leaf-boring, in
Quebec, by Hughes disease and anthro-
pogenic tree infection. In Ontario, the

Now that the Maple Leaf
is just about dead,
we'll have to

LEAVE IT TO BEAVER

sugar, red and Manitoba have been hit
by full barkworms, conifer psyllids
and the maple trumpet skeletonizer,
and the silver maple by canopy maple
scale. On the Prairies, Dutch disease is
widespread, and the Manitoba maples
suffer from full barkworm and the broad-
leaf leaf roller. In British Columbia, the
Douglas maple and the broadleaf maple
are in similar difficulty.

The proliferation of natural resources
and diseases is bad enough. Combination
of course, has made things a lot worse.
Road building and other construction
has ripped roots, stirred water tables
and drainage patterns, and changed the
natural heat-reculation system, agricul-
ture and industry have contributed bar-
bacides and other pollutants. Snow,
Fumes, Ozone. Electric power lines.
Telephones. Television cables. Salt from
highway de-icing, which kills off roots
and so makes the trees vulnerable to
the pest diseases such as verticillium wilt.

What are some practical advantages
of taking care of our trees? Erik Jorgensen,
Professor of Forestry at University
of Toronto, says, "For one thing, as

abundance of green foliage in a period
undesired for air pollution, the leaves act
as a filter, with some of the fifth particles
settling on the leaves, instead of circulating
in the air, where it's harmful to
leaves and function as an effective air
conditioner in hot weather, the tem-
perature in the middle of a grove of
trees can be as much as 10 degrees
cooler than in the surrounding areas.
Trees safeguard human vision by
screening out glaring rays of sun on
bright days. And trees function as an ef-
fective acoustic material against noise."

Professor Kelly has suggested to the
Ministry of Forestry that we preserve
maples and trees to have the streets.
Trees in every undisturbed area of
the world are in trouble. But the maple
tree seems to be more vulnerable to
changes in the environment than some
other varieties. If something isn't done
about air pollution soon, we may be as
for another big debate. Unless of
course, Canadians consider that an ex-
posed leaf hanging from a stricken tree
tree might be quite appropriate as our
national symbol. ■

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Peter Jackson



THE VANISHING GRADUATE

BY JAMES PARK

Academic Touch Typist Fast

Under the sun in the dust beside Highway 17 for an hour and still no luck. Dennis turns into a gas for dinner. She's wearing a slight but solidified leather top and faded blue jeans. Hermina, ten sprawled across his very duffed bag, playing a flute to some imagined audience or girl left behind, and Roland is standing beside his guitar once giving shape to a half-formed poem in his head. There more on the road from Ottawa to Quebec. They have road wisdom. There there, passive within their own spot, like Arabs crossing the desert. What's my old Valdez. For if not to pick up such people?

Their first stop is Quebec City, they say, three out to the Maritimes for a month to see the coast. Hermina's just up from the States after quitting her job at a Massachusetts mental hospital, and Dennis and Roland are high-schooled students going into grade 13. They all met for the first time on the street in Ottawa the day before. Within an hour they decided to hit the road together.

Across a bridge to the Quebec side with the good company thing, my car, towns passing unnoted outside like billboards you've seen before. The road takes on its own rhythms and it's private here, aside almost invisible. Dennis tells how she spent last month traveling in the States until she was raped in a Los Angeles alley and deported because she refused to press charges. "There don't seem to be any values that people can hold onto any more," she cries. "I don't think people know where they're going." She is 17.

It's summer now and we're bypassed Montreal when Roland stops working on his poem long enough to talk about himself. "I'm 17 and I'm young to publish my work. Haven't lived enough yet. Barely thinking off and on since I was 14. People have a need to know other people than their own." He says he

wants to go to university and study psychology and Dennis mentions she's interested in law. Hermina says he's interested in "getting into my own head. I'm going to understand what it means to be black in North America. I want to know of people use me as a person first or a black person first." Hermina's 30 and has always meant to go back to school. He dropped out at grade 10.

Two years ago a generation graduated from the universities of this country to discover that society would be denied jobs. Less paid the universities of this country woke up to the fact that enrollment was drastically down. If you see a behaviorist and care about such things, you would describe this as the phenomenon of the vanishing stu-

dent. If you are a university executive and care about such phenomena, what you do is to start to worry about your job.

Across the country university professors have turned into recruiting officers and college bureaucrats into salesmen. The Canadian university is going in its single high speed campaigns: slick information kits and costly newspaper ads. Rock radio stations have begun to hawk universities the way they sell albums and new computers, all to make, as we hear, the increasing numbers of students look from the streets to the common sense. Professors speak in faculty clubs that the word was out — "if you hear of somebody who's going to drop out, talk to him and change his mind." They were only told jobs.

Last summer, Trent University in Peterborough, Ontario, sent flying squads of faculty members into selected areas of the province to phone and convince students personally to buy Trent. York University spent \$50,000 on a project code-named Operation Bookthrough. Again faculty members made direct contact with applicants. A high-speed advertising firm was hired to create information kits to explain the wonder of the university. A bank of telephones was installed and a service called YES (York Enquiry Service) was set up to answer questions from prospective students. Sunday sessions were held on campus to give applicants the chance to meet some professors. "The banner took." All to try to sell the system to a group of shamed young people, who are slipping away from it like a ship in the night.

But all universities are selling its public relations to solve their problems. Some are adopting a much more creative response beginning with a hard look at the programs they offer and how they are taught. The University of Winnipeg, for example, went beyond the usual recruiting campaign and now offers

month-hour courses to down-town office workers. Faculty members searched out community needs and now teach personal programs to people in Sackville, Thompson and Oshawa who want to update their personal qualifications. They are also trying to smooth the transition from high school to university by allowing advanced students to take some of their courses at the university. Presidential speaker Ronald Riddell points to the heavy social concerns of many students and says, "Our problem as education is to catch that concern and harness it. That's the challenge for the university and it means taking damn good care that we look after the general course student."

Just the same, some universities are nearly empty on their books. There is a comfortable feeling on their



SECOND LADIES

We spy with our little eyes girls who look just like Margaret Trudeau



The real Margaret Trudeau



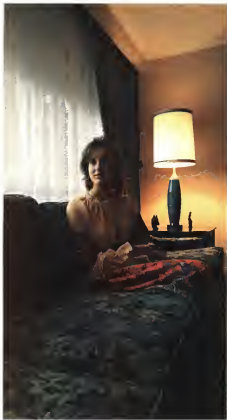
SUSAN LOWMAN, 25
TEACHER, ONDOWY, ALBERTA

Vision: my husband and I had a few friends here I took the stage, well but sorry I don't think I'm too pretty and besides who'd expect Margaret Trudeau wandering around the streets of a little town like Onondoway, Alberta, wearing faded jeans. Mind you when I'm not wearing jeans I suggest let's go dress, white, naturally, simple. I wouldn't want her like Victor and I share our love — he teaches and I teach and we both love kids and well, we enjoy being together in pursuit of our own interests. The Trudeau can't be anonymous in the same way we can and they're completely forced into glasses and situations that they might not enjoy. Let's see Victor and I pretty much agree. Pierre who was visiting nearby and we noticed how he loitered in the hotel lobby obviously making himself available to us. That's a real weird thing about being a goddess, letting yourself be a such a mystery. Though he is fascinating, too. But I can't help feeling that the fact that there're 20 years older than Margaret will eventually cause damage to the relationship. She's maxed out in a few days old man.

MARY MACKAY, 19
CLERK, ANDASTER, ONTARIO

I don't think I look like Margaret Trudeau but I'm really fun to have other people think I do. I was back grade 12 when I, coincidentally, wore a hooded dress into the school cafeteria. People have been calling me Margaret and Marie and I even had a dress made with a hood on it as a joke. I don't think Margaret would want to imitate her. I'll do Marie. Marie is in Hamilton, but we both like biking. I get stressed a lot, but if you're going to look like somebody you might as well go right to the top. I wouldn't mind having Pierre to match, either. I sure wouldn't want to be First Lady of the States, but it's much more quiet here so I just can't imagine anyone not wanting to have Margaret Trudeau's life. She and Pierre seem to really enjoy themselves, probably enjoying it all the rest of us, knowing them. And I'm not perfect, I'm a single right now, no steady boyfriend and with everything so couple oriented these days I'd have to say the Trudeau's have the enviable situation. We're all fans of Trudeau, although here and have been since the beginning. Who'd ever kept dreaming of Old Robert Randall?





KAREN USHER 18
STUDENT REDDALE, ONTARIO

When the Trudeaus got married and their wedding pictures appeared, friends and people I didn't even know very well would tell me that I resembled them all. Margaret, I tell you, I loved — and now I kind of think of it as somewhat of an honor to look like her. My friends and parents have nicknamed me Margaret and we all get a kick out of it. And you looking like her hasn't made things happen in my life and I don't try to look like her. But I do keep my eyes on her because she does and say that is soon like the style she had when she first got married. I don't think Pierre would have married a nicer girl. She has a beautiful personality and was fortunate enough to be blessed with such a gorgeous baby boy who I am sure keeps her pleasantly occupied all the time. I would like to have her life with Pierre. He has a lot of young ideas that the country needs. I would be excited and trying to encourage him in his work. I'd like the life with my parents now. They're both from Scotland, just like Margaret's Mom and Dad.

ANNE DUFFY 81
STUDENT TORONTO

The first person to say Margaret Trudeau and I look alike was a woman in a bookstore where I worked last summer. I don't think I look like Mrs. Pierre Trudeau though and even if I do, I just don't matter to me or my life. I don't have anything to say about her — so, personally, I don't bother in the papers. She is just Pierre's little wife standing by his side. I wouldn't want Margaret's life. It's too much in the public eye with comments saying her you everywhere. She should have to give interviews just because that's the Pierre Minister's wife. But when she told that reporter that he was wrong to think that and that she was the Pierre Minister's private property, not his wife, I think she was doing the right thing for the wrong reason. Yes, I'll vote for Trudeau — he's the only alternative. But he's too devoted and so the people at real life happen (because he's the son of a millionaire and then I had enough contact with other doctors to understand their problems and feelings).



MARIANNE BECKER
BEAUTICIAN CALGARY

I own two beauty salons in Calgary and have found out it's pretty good for business to look like Margaret Trudeau. My clients tell me that Margaret Trudeau of Calgary, though I think I only look like her in some pictures. People are always coming up and saying that I'm her and sometimes I get strange stares that bother me a bit. I realize it's just someone mishearing in Margaret. My God, I'm over 30. If I told you how much you wouldn't want to photograph me and people think I'm her age. When Pierre was visiting the Calgary Stampede I went there and continued waiting in front of him to give him a stare and a smile but I discovered out in the last minute I've been wearing my type of clothes for too long to want to dress like Margaret. But since this all happened, me looking like her, I do follow the lives of the Trudeaus much more closely. I wouldn't want Margaret's life, the public part, it's not private enough and the private part, she knows what that's all about. I do wish Margaret would pose for more magazine pictures though. Every body's interested. And I'm dying to know what her real hair color is. ☺

WILL THE CANADIAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE SURVIVE?

BY JACK BATTEN

WIN players like Joe Theismann (good enough for the NFL), owners like John Bassett (favored enough for the NFL), and those secret goal posts at CNE stadium (just right for the NFL), it don't stay easy

Ken Twigg is a conscientious man. He cares about his work. Especially he cares about the Tuxton Turf he had carted off to the Canadian National Exhibition stadium, the place where the Toronto Argonauts play their home games, the place that Ken Twigg inherited at the time. The turf cost \$150,000. It's stink and tough and fast, the last word in artificial grass, and one several days last May when Twigg was touring the CNE field, checking the turf one last time before it was laid irrevocably in place, he began to look off in his head the structures the stadium would accommodate. Had he allowed for every possibility? Yes, the footings were set in the ground for the football goalposts, 100 yards apart. Right, the standards were placed to hold the flags marking the secret zones. Okay for look and field. Dibs for outdoor courses. Everything set for... (checkbook?)

Ken Twigg had left out one sport. The point is, you see, that all the foundation work, the placing of the footings and so on, had to be completed before the Tuxton Turf was laid, the rest of moving that turf for a later installation would be out of sight. That's what Twigg was thinking in the words went through his head: *American football*. Specifically, the National Football League. But no sweat. He ordered his groundmen into instant action, and in so no time at all they played the footings for a set of NFL goalposts, 100 yards apart. Then the turf rolled down. A construction task completed, Ken Twigg quit his job to seek new fields to conquer.

Not many people know about those NFL footings hidden underneath the CNE's Tuxton Turf because Twigg, normally an open, gregarious man, left out any mention of the American goalposts in his otherwise detailed press release.

How come?

"Well, you know how people start talking," Twigg explained one afternoon early this summer. "I didn't want to get a lot of questions going that Argos was moving into American football."

Then why install the U.S. footings at all?

"Just being prepared for anything. Nobody from the Argos organization told me to put them in. But I figured Argos might want to play some games against American teams under American rules. Or there's talk from time to time that they might move to Varsity Stadium if they don't find the footings at our place satisfactory. Well, we'd have to consider what we'd bring in to replace them. The NFL goalposts are an adaptation."

John Bassett has a vision. Which is unusual. Usually he has a product. He owns things. For instance, he owns CFTD, a To-

ronto television station, the Toronto Argos, a team in the Canadian Football League, part of CKLW, a Windsor, Ontario, radio station, a genuine slice of the Montreal Canadiens, a hockey team, CFQC, a television station in Saskatoon. And so on. But don't take it wrong, he has a vision, a dream or maybe a plan—a way he could bring a National Football League franchise to Toronto and make it pay and make his Argos, which according to this vision, he'd keep alive in the CFL, pay too.

It takes plenty of conversation for Bassett to translate the vision to words. He doesn't mind. He's a natural performer, and he doesn't so much talk as declaim. He rises from behind his desk, looming— he's about six-foot-five — and he lunges back and forth over the light pipes carpet in his downtown Toronto office, which is only slightly smaller than the Tuxton Turf at CNE stadium. He isn't notably successful with his tongue and every few sentences he laughs loudly over a thought and stirs it the phony rights on his walls and shelves. (One the one, presumably renamed, of his late friend Bobby Kennedy) until he cracks up again. He tries to drift into sole parties ("the politicians running this city are full of bull—and you can quote me") but he never lets up in the performance. He's having a swell time.

The point is, Bassett's scheme starts in with his conviction that the owners of the NFL, soccer star, like Toronto's politicians, full of you-know-what, "they've proved themselves to be not very smart in many business decisions," he says. And he thinks that he, John Bassett, can therefore lead them off at the pass in one area of soccer that is essential to turn the NFL into a Toronto one: a profitable proposition, namely in television rights.

"As matters stand right now," Bassett says, still, he speaks, fully groomed and, right before your eyes, winking into a scene scripted for, say, Lou J. Cobb, "the NFL seems don't see a cent of money from the games that the CBC televises from the National League on Sunday afternoons. The CBC brings in the games on CBS in the States—it's something called 'network extension'—and the only money involved is a share of advertising revenue that CBS collects. All the NFL owners divvy up the revenue from the games televised in their own country, over a million bucks each, but they don't touch Canadian money."

"All right, keeping that in mind, I get my NFL franchise, and I say to the NFL, listen, don't cut me in on your American TV revenues. Keep your revenues to yourself. I say to them, just give me the TV rights for Canada. And they would give them to me because they aren't utilizing anything anyway, are they? So I'm exclusive in Canada, and I sell the TV rights

continued on page 85



KILLING TIME IN NATO

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

From a "splendid body of men" to pawns in a meaningless compromise

BRUSSELS — Smog coats the skyscraper skyscraper at *Atomium*. Robert Schuman, administrator, headquarters of the Common Market, which has turned the skyline into the hub of the New Europe. Branch in only the continent's last imposing capital, a jettison place where international businessmen hurry from grey building to grey building, teenagers hang over parked machines and a finger licks chicken vids in the most visible downtown architecture. (In the Severens it's Colonel Randon who wears the outposts of Empire.)

I have my hotel, got into a cab and ask the Grand Hotel. I sweep by the Grand Hotel where the driver tells me, some painful bargains were signed by the strider Philip II of Spain in the 16th century. In our left is the huge Palace de Justice, where once carried column Adolf Hitler

wanted to incorporate in his new Berlin chancellery, on our right we pass the Club Gaudin, where the Duchess of Richmond is supposed to have staged her masquerade ball on the eve of Waterloo. After a 15-minute drive, at the end of a placid, factory-lined avenue where Brussels fades off into its drizzly suburbs, we arrive at NATO and these reminders of forgotten wars are waiting to hide more than the morning thoughts of a restless child, take on fresh relevance.

Here in this nondescript building, barely shows up after De Gaulle expelled NATO from France in 1966, generals in multi and their diplomatic brother-in-arms meet in somber corridors to administer what they describe in self-satisfied terms as "the multilateral defense of our way of life." They have been taking up the 30th century of NATO for 23 years now. These comfortable men with their black-suited hands, clipped mustaches and three-piece suits, and should a European land war come again they'll be ready for it.

This is a strangely foreign place full of foreign men, shaping their gold-laced cuffs as they talk out their war. The Dr. Strangelove who hold the scissors in their hands against the way in their Moscow and Washington brothers. Here it is that the conflict are less well defined. The "balance of terror" in a phrase, not a fact. War and peace have been reduced to a set of functions, rules like the code of honor and honorable clubs. What puzzles these men who make up the club's board is that Canada, after 20 years of behaving with model decorum, has let the side down and may say they are "poisoned" for acceptance of hot balls.

NATO has been a dormant state at home since the Trudeau government took its course in 1969 to cut forces down to half. But in Europe Canada's double-headed policy (NATO is necessary, but not necessarily NATO) is seen as a betrayal of principle, a retreat into a form of colonialist isolationism. To Europeans concerned with the military defense of Europe, we are a puzzle — women no longer, pacifists no more, apparently spotted for not trying to please all

factions, while maintaining our wanted policy intact.

That other members of NATO, an alliance which had been the central vehicle for the conduct of Canadian foreign policy since 1949, should now look on our contribution as making just above Lancelotti's is a symptom of how far our military prestige abroad has dropped since World War II. On January 10, 1966, General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower told the Canadian Club in Ottawa: "It is beyond the power of any man to add to the list of the military reputation established by the brave men and women of Canada who served with the in Europe." Lord Montgomery recently referred to the Canadian Army as "that splendid body of men." And Lord Genset Guy G. Simonds, a former Chief of the Canadian General Staff, summed up our achievement when he wrote: "The performance of Canadian fighting forces in two world wars contributed more to the development and international recognition of Canadian values than any other single factor."

The remaining points reproduced here reflect those times and those ideas when Canadians were solid and unified, sometimes even foolish, but always brave.

Then along came Paul Hellyer who took away the armed services' uniforms and Pierre Trudeau who deprived them of any sense of mission. Today's rethinking points to a more patriotic approach and concentration on values such as "We teach mechanics, communications, construction and peace" which make the army sound like yet another Opportunity For Youth program.

From the vantage point of Europe it's hard not to wonder why, if political correctness don't allow Canada to perform its foreign military commitments with more than token gestures, we don't pack up our overseas military units altogether. Nobody in Brussels will propose that view publicly yet and it's still possible for Ottawa to pretend we are committed to NATO. The defense white paper (*Defense in the 80s*) of August 1971, specifically stated "Canadian security continues to be linked to Western Europe." Europe is still probably

the most sensitive point in the East-West balance of power. It is the area from which any conflict, however limited, might soon erupt into nuclear war engulfing Canadian territory.

But this kind of rhetoric isn't supported by government action. When Canada's planned reduction of its NATO contingent first became government policy in the spring of 1969, the issue was considered so controversial that instead of being announced in a formal meeting of NATO's Defense Planning Committee, Leo Collins, then Minister of National Defense, flew to Brussels and broke the news to a group of NATO ambassadors at a private reception at the apartment of Ross Campbell, our chief delegate to NATO. One of the European delegates is reported to have been nine years, another protested our "fundamental breach of the principle of mutual security" and a third murmured shortly that Canada was a defector. "I have never been at a more emotional scene in all my life," Campbell recalls.

Collins admitted his own disappointment in the policy, something it is a man who's been married for 20 years and asks for a divorce. "He goes to a lawyer and a lady that he can't get a divorce simply on the basis of being fed up with his wife, so he stays with her in a divorce in spirit. But a just isn't the same, something's gone out of the relationship."

As first reading, the Trudeau doctrine did not appear all that drastic. We would say in the alliance but our troops would be cut from 10,000 to 3,000; we would abandon our nuclear roles, and reduce our six CF-104 squadrons to three. The then European made had little to do with the few thousand extra not machines involved. Canada's NATO contribution has always had an immense symbolic value, a ritual so much because it indicated a commitment to the protection of western European democracy by a nation that was the only NATO member member protecting its own soil, not taking a hand in the superpower power politics.

Before the curtain, our army has... continued on page 51



FROM ZERO TO THIRTY IN TWO SECONDS

BY JUDY BRANDOW
Foot and DNR
like an instant

Hamilton harbor, January. Cmsb helms, Seawind sails. *Goose-necked* sails.

They head out the shore (the last that covers the sail and the frightened tiller, and then they give me a running push.

Wow! — from zero to 30 mph in two seconds. It's as if someone pushed a button, turning on the wind. Instant power. I maneuver a bit, find the wind, let the sail half and all, and full speed ahead. Well, almost. I take another look at the shore, think about freight trains, open water and the fun approaching opposite shore and turn up into the wind.

Frightened? My only concern is not being able to stop before I splash off the ice into the bay. Even at 30 mph it is like climbing the first dip on a roller coaster. You know the real thrill is coming, but you're afraid to go over the top.

I've heard speakers describe how "heavy" it is in a DN boat (the article used for *Deseret News*, the newspaper that sponsored a contest for the design) at 60 or 65 mph and of losing control at that speed. I don't want to end up skidding across the ice on my chair, and since it isn't my boat, I don't fancy a long walk back to explain that the empty boat is now taking forward open water.

I'm not really afraid. I like speed. But I remember sailing in the Bahamas, where the light and dark patches of water indicate depth, and I also remember crossing over a coral reef. I wonder if the waves on surface shaking has anything to do with that.

There have been one or two rainy days, and the snow has melted on the ice, it's eight to 10 inches thick, but the skiers occasionally cut through the soft surface, especially on areas where no other boats have been, that makes me a bit nervous.

I come about, and try to inch back toward the club, but every time I head in that direction, my speed picks up and I have to turn into the wind to slow down again.

There is one other boat out this night with Sam's Skaters as the tiller. We started out together, but Sam's in his boat. Lady quickly left me behind.

I stop and listen to Sam's craft rippling across the bay at about 35 mph.

In the moonlight I can see people on the ice at the club and I feel why many there, but now the boat won't move enough to catch the wind so I hop out and begin pushing. Then I realize that once the sail fills I will have to move quickly.

Action. Back in the boat. Fin, sitting on the chair. Fin can't let the sail out. The boat is free again and I head toward shore.

He knows that as the cockpit and lower to the DN's skaters running over the ice. The sound he hears is making over which is an attempt to describe it. It's not just a bit like something else, some childhood experience that everyone remembers — like going around a corner on a fast wagon or a sleigh that isn't too close and doesn't really crash the wheels. No one can find the right analogy.

Sail, the flying is an almost flying across the ice, free, free in the cold and fun.

Well, if you can keep all three skates on the ice you're all right. I head for the club. Goodnight.

Iceboating in Canada has a long history, newspaper accounts go back as far as 1836 in Hamilton but, since iceboaters need almost snow-free ice, weather cycles that brought

heavy snow for several winters is a now that the sport down from that to now. Some areas in the United States, however, have had large iceboating fleets because of heavy density population and light snow.

Sean Wharmood, of London, Ontario, commander of the Canada DN Association, maintains part of the renewed interest in the popularity of water sports and due to the growth of iceboating sailing.

Spike Bontas, of Port Edward, Ont., who has iceboating since considered a millionaire's sport, is now within reach of most people. The large old Arctic boats would cost \$5,000 to \$4,000 today, but DNs can be built at home for \$300 or purchased for \$150.

About 60% of iceboaters are amateur sailors as well. And I wouldn't have wanted to try it without knowing something about sailing.

Iceboaters do tell stories of jumping off into open water or flipping over which would make the hair of most landlubbers. It is, however, an unwritten rule that everyone wears safety belts and they are mandatory for racing.

For into-water types who don't mind the January sun and wind, iceboaters may appear a strange breed. But one surprising virtue of the sport is that sailors in their perfect soft-water waters can always find land around the lake if there isn't any wind, but iceboaters are grounded.

I took my father, a summer sailor, to the bay one weekend. It was a day when winds were snapping like toothpicks and DNs were flying by on two skates.

Like many first-time iceboaters, he caught the bug. He got a lot of photos and he's still growing.

And so am I. ■

How to join

There are chapters of iceboaters throughout the country. Toronto: Hamilton Skaters, Port Huron: Thunder Bay, Hamilton: Hamilton Skaters, Montreal and Calgary all have clubs with 10 or 12 boats, and Chatham: Ont. has a fleet of 40. There are competitions in most places and regular races in Ontario. The most commonly used craft is the DN, which is 12 feet long and carries some 65 square feet of sail. The season lasts approximately 10 weeks in the cold of winter.





THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE

BY BONNIE BURTON
The timeless of
the long distance skier

The Lac Seul area near St. Jerome, Quebec, it was too cold for downhill skiing—about 20 below zero—and the other members of the ski posse looked at it with pity and bewilderment as we put on our cross-country ski boots—strange light things more like jogging shoes than the heavy buckle boots they owned.

"You'll freeze out there," one of them said as we strapped our backpacks over our tiny 18-year-old ski jackets. "Don't say we didn't warn you."

Our giggled faces settled in scarves, we puffed off into the forest clear. Sure, it was cold. But it was one of those mag-

nificent, white-sky, duckdown days you see in the National Film Board's *Man In The Street* films. As long as we kept moving, we were warm—no snow, in fact, that occasionally we had suggested the jackets we had worn over heavy sweaters.

That morning it was too cold to drive to Adirondack—and our car might freeze if it wasn't plugged in—so we had decided to do the small hill, about a half-mile long, that led to the lake.

It's been a while since I twisted from downhill skiing, but I still haven't become used to the sensation of total non-control one has on a slight incline with cross-country skis. The mild, delicious terror I used to feel as a steep slope like Bull's Mountain Norway is now more an ordinary brain-saved hill. Zippy parallel turns are impossible with cross-country bear-paw techniques and Adidas-type boots. The best I can do is a graceful snowplow turn which neatly keeps me from falling the trees.

We went to the lake. It was easy to slip into our cross-country roles: Radisson and Grandview, exploring James Bay. From the road over lake, the snow-laden summer col-

ages were nearly invisible; the moosebats that had plagued us in summer were staved away, and except for the chattering birds and the whoosh, whoosh, whoosh of the skis—silence. Just the two of us in an empty crystal expanse of snow and sky, 100 years from Vietnam, Trudeau versus Scottford, in our green, efficient, modern and future shock.

We whizzed across the lake. "But isn't it hard work?" our friends at the ski house had asked, and we had tried to explain that cross-country skiing (also known as skicrossing or Nordic skiing) can become of the easiest sports in the world—as one of the most exhausting depending on you or temperature. At any rate, cross-country skis and boots, together, weigh less than one downhill buckle boot, climbing a hill on turning skis is almost as easy as climbing on foot.

Flying along the frozen powder-covered lake, we were overcome by constant suspended credibility. Like scuba divers suffering capture of the deep. For some, snow means it seemed like a good idea to run on our skis, so we puffed along in a gliding run, and the burning cold, oxygen-starved air reminded us that frostbite legs are not amusing.

We noticed a marked trail leading up and away from the shore. We were adventurers. We decided to explore it, climbing to the top of the large hill which overlooked the lake, and trying to decipher the foreignly strange and bare tracks which seemed to end out of the lake.

At the top of the hill we decided we had reached the half-way mark—time for lunch. One good cross-country skier for cross-country skiing is that you burn up enough calories to justify a great outdoor cookout lunch. But for Scottford, who could not begin to describe the sight of a hotdog and cheese sandwiches with hot sweet coffee after two hours of cross-country skiing in subzero weather. He could, however, find a word to describe our apples, frozen. We left them for the birds, ate our rations and cookies and started back, trudging down the trail in our modified snowplow turn, short-cutting across a frozen creek, while the water gurgled below us.

When we got up downhill skiing for cross-country a few years ago, our friends thought it was just another madhouse like riding bikes to work and leaving old newspapers, neither of which was done at the time. But over the past two years, cycling and recycling have become big, and cross-country is gaining there. Last winter, some ski shops had difficulty keeping up with the demand for ski-binding equipment.

One good reason for the new popularity of cross-country skiing is its relative cheapness: you can buy skis and boots together for as little as \$75, and there's a kind of inverse snobbery about cross-country ski clothes—the shabbier the better. Another reason is that you can ski or snowshoe nearly anywhere, off-road, cross-country trails are free but a city park, farm road or logging trail works just as well. And of course, there's none of the hassle of driving to the ski hill, buying tickets and waiting in line for lifts.

But there's something more to cross-country skiing, and I think it's the same sort of appeal that sends an outdoor skier into a car: the feeling of connection with the elements out of banking against them. The human technological becomes subservient to the human animal; the importance of tools, machines, houses, politics and machines diminishes and is replaced by wonder at the way a giant sock hangs from a cliff.

Cross-country skiers don't like to prototype. We are terrified that the whole of Canada will discover our sport and find one day the ultimate, talisman and wonder will be love and herds of fellow enthusiasts. So when we arrived back at the ski house, feeling somewhat as Balboa did when he reached the Pacific, and our friends said, "It must have been cold out there," we replied, "Freezing." ■

New to lake

You can't enjoy cross-country skiing anywhere in Canada, at any time and ground and snow. If you're curious about cross-country clubs and trails, in your area, write to the Canadian Ski Association, 3335 Peter Road, Windsor, Ontario.



Photo courtesy of Vancouver International Ski Area, Ltd.

HOW HIGH THE BUGBOOS?

BY CARLA MICHELI
So high you'll have to get there
by helicopter

The Bugboos aren't for social skiers. They're the kind of mountains that separate skiers like Nancy Greer at Ross and Pierre Trudeau from those who are out only for the splurges: fun waiting at the bottom of the powdered slopes.

Yet you don't have to be an Olympic star or a prize winner to enjoy this rugged resort. Simply a skier—skier—ready for breakfast at 7 a.m., and then a fun helicopter ride to the highest peak of the Bugboos glacier range (11,150 feet) is less than five minutes. And check the real excitement before. So to 40 downhill miles of it, through some of the most beautiful terrain in the world.

The awesome Bugboos, in British Columbia's Pacific Range are breathtaking. They are also beautiful. And, as luck has it, are covered and deep snowed out everywhere.

"It's risky," admits Hans Gmorer, the 40-year-old Austrian ski mountaineer who built the lodge five years ago. But the risk is part of the excitement, and Gmorer himself is very much at home in the glacier range. The 21 years in Canada have been spent almost exclusively in the mountains as a ski instructor, guide and photographer of ski films.

He is constantly aware of the avalanche hazard. When the risk is high (after a heavy snowfall, strong winds or temperature changes) he drops charges by helicopter. This includes any dangerous areas, which are then not skied to ensure the safety of his guests. He also provides excellent Swiss and Austrian guides along with the assurance that there has never been a serious accident in the Bugboos.

Of course, the Bugboos are tough skiing even without avalanches. "A slope can be dangerous," says Gmorer. "But if you take small groups and keep them skiing in the fall line, there are fewer problems." The deep powder can be tricky for those who are only used to packed snow, but good skiers usually catch on quickly.

And certainly in the Bugboos the emphasis is on "good" skiing—meaning better than intermediate. Beginners would be somewhat out of place skiing alongside such guests as Yvon Chouinard, who went to the Bugboos two years ago—after skiing on Mount Everest in 1970.

A few people have been sent out of the Bugboos because they just couldn't make it. "We used to ask them for ski reviews," says Gmorer, "but that doesn't mean anything. What they understand to be parallel skiing and what is really is are often two different things. One guy couldn't even get up when he fell."

One novice, Duane Hoffman, was totally overwhelmed by all the talk of avalanches and crevasses. While flying, *Who Is My Hero* Hoffman? he had to spend three days floating in the Bugboos. Although Rodi Gierlach, one of the guides doubled for him in the mount, there were a few close-up shots in which Hoffman had to be seen on the glacier. He offered to return the favor if Gmorer should ever be in New York. "I'll take you for a walk in Central Park," said Hoffman. "As a memento."

When Gmorer and his partner, Leo Glinzner, first began these ski trips in 1964, the going was even rougher in the Bugboos. It took hours to climb up the glacier, with skiers frozen at the bottom of the climb. This meant only one half-hour run a day. Then they came up with the idea of having a helicopter to ferry skiers up the slopes, and now they ski out in eight to 15 min.

Although other areas such as Whistler north of Vancouver, offer helicopter skiing in conjunction with town and chair lifts,

the Bugboos Lodge is the first in the world to offer helicopter skiing exclusively.

The helicopter is expensive. As a rental fee of nine dollars a minute, heli-tours are not appreciated. One season of heli-touring (rental)—from Christmas until mid-May—costs Gmorer and Glinzner \$200,000. The guests, who pay \$500 to \$200 for one week at the lodge, are each credited to 70,000 vertical feet of skiing. If somebody manages to climb more than that, there's an added cost of about three dollars per 1,000 feet.

"If the weather is good," says Gmorer, "we can use up the 70,000 feet easily in three days." So far, the record is 40,000 feet in one day, and 300,000 for one week.

Since guests are at the mercy of the elements, they can get a refund if poor flying conditions prevent them from skiing the minimum amount of 40,000 feet. This doesn't happen too often: out of 17 weeks of skiing last year, the helicopter was grounded for only 11 days.

Except for those few off days, the 36 weeks guests have to be on their toes. It's all there to make the most of the costly helicopter season. The 10 skiers have to fill and empty twice for every trip. Some guests have competed to see which group could get in the fastest. The record is now 27 seconds for 10 people to pile themselves and their skis into the chopper.

Guests arrive at the lodge by helicopter, to they leave the ropes quickly. A cherted-out trail leads them from the Cherted-out, 100 miles west of Seattle. From this little town, the lodge can be reached by a 30-mile dirt road in summer, when it is open for hiking, climbing, canoeing, riding, swimming, tennis and summer skiing, but in winter it is accessible only by helicopter.

It's a remote place. There are no services to speak of. No rock bands. The lights go out at 10 p.m., after evening which can be as quiet as a room in the guests themselves. At the guest book reads like an international Who's Who, usually the name of the skier is followed by the name of the skier's company.

Robert, who proved to be "a very determined and gutsy skier," picked the Bugboos for his Easter trip in 1969. "It was great," according to Gmorer, "and a very easy guest."

One week after his visit, Nancy Gmorer Baum arrived for her honeymoon. The newlyweds decided to stay for a week work. But since they had reserved the hotel room for only one week, they had to spend their last few nights in a dorm with six other guests.

Nobody is impressed by bug skiers and there's no such thing as preferential treatment. In spite of its increasingly exclusive reputation, Bugboos Lodge is still as casual and welcoming as it was five years ago. ■

How to go, where to stay

Helicopter skiers can now enjoy this unique sport in two other BC ranges. Gmorer and Glinzner are developing similar trips in the Merrimack Range, west of the Skeena, and in the Garibaldi. 100 miles west of Jasper. These trips are more expensive, but for \$700 a week the guests are entitled to 100,000 vertical feet.

All these operations are part of the Canadian Mountain Holidays program, which the two mountaineers set up nine years ago. From their office in Seattle, they organize year-round climbing, hiking and skiing trips.

Gmorer estimates that in the winter months only about 1,000 skiers make the western trek. The chances of skiers to Europe have been taking Canadian skiers away from their own country in hopes of popularizing Canada's western mountain ranges. Gmorer has been enthusiastically promoting a new package deal: take an Air Can bus from Seattle to now fly to the resort area at Jasper, Banff or Lake Louise for a little more than \$200—including one week's lodging, breakfasts, skiing and ski instruction. Gmorer predicts that this will bring 10,000 skiers out west this winter.

Already this offer, along with the growing popularity of helicopter skiing, is slowly but surely bringing skiers back from Austria and Aspen.

It rained a lot, and the camp turned into a muddy bog. Unarmored soldiers (reluctant) the camp and found a list when the men were ordered to board the troopships. Prisoners and Toyota army refused. Their command had them into the ground to get them moving, and soldiers with fixed bayonets lined the route to the deck. The troops landed, but the crusade was beginning to look hopeless.

Finally on Bering Day the beleaguered Provisional landed out of Victoria harbor, bound for Vladivostok. It was promptly struck by a typhoon where Fred Talbot, now of Oakville, Ontario, then of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, described in letters as his favorite in Niagara Falls. "We all turned in at washing dishes and had a awful job for every row and again we would break loose and pile up where where I took to one side and respect on the side of the water. I was a good swimmer but when away I went again and took the same leg off."

One man found a large tin lid clanked aboard a cable with it, and crashed there throughout the storm ready to rest others. Another soldier was battered to death by a large box of brass ball that broke loose on deck, an other came to see where the propeller had snapped off, stuck his head through a hole in the ship's side and a sudden lull, jammed him into the opening, breaking both shoulders. Around the Toyota the second Canadian troopship a rifleman was killed when he fell down a coal chute.

However both ships survived the storm and 17 days later January 1941, the Provisional was spotted off the coast of Hokkaido, the northern island of Japan by some very surprised Japanese. She had been reported sunk after a destroyer searching for her found part of the washed-off deck land. The Provisional returned to Matsuyama harbor where the troops took passage. The Japanese objected, but were too polite to say so, turned the destroyer a cheap fast developing service and when the Canadians brought in their films simply kept them.

At last the troops arrived in Vladivostok where it was bitterly cold, which was no surprise to anyone but the Canadian commissioners. At first, escape for Vladivostok the Canadian lacked any reliable clothing for the Russian winter. Trooper Talbot cut his sergeants' coats into pillow which was stuffed with excelsior into two and used one half to each foot. That helped a little.

The Canadian marched through Vladivostok to East Kamchatka on the sea. It was so cold outside that they could hear telephone poles cracking from the frost and it was not much better inside due to the buildings had been

damaged by fire while the men from the Tama stayed there, and the stoves were inadequate. To get warm a man stood beside a stove and then he would roll to bed and try to sleep. Twenty minutes later he would be awake and shivering and back at the stove. In the morning Talbot found that only one foot had thawed and he was due to march five miles to the Canadian camp at Gornostay. The men arrived in their fat suits, "some from stars" Talbot's feet blistered so badly that gangrene set in.

Gornostay was a good camp, with other barracks built by German prisoners of war. Unfortunately however, the Bolsheviks had damaged the power supply and polluted the water, which had to be boiled. The men spent much of their time on guard duty and as Trooper Talbot wrote his friends, it was no fun. "The other day I was on guard and as it was bitterly cold we had our sheepskin coats on over a pile of other maps. I had on a pair of Number 10 shoe picks, like trench boots, a fat cap and web equipment with 120 rounds of ammunition overall. With the coldness of our coats were off and our eyes pained down very little it exposed but the legs were can find clothes."

Under such conditions, guard duty soon began to pall, and the Canadians adapted a new motto: Home or Fight!



The frost was at Omsk - 4,000 miles away - but there was no sign that our troops would ever get there, even though, in Talbot's mind, "Bolshevism is spreading, partly asking for our help and blessing as for not taking steps to enforce order." It was, he felt, "a very peculiar state of affairs."

To keep the men busy there were some marches, field maneuvers, hockey in the winter, football in the spring and concerts all the time. One concert featured a young officer named Raymond Mosey impersonating an Egyptian belly dancer. A Vladivostok agitator drew more notices in the soldier newspaper, *The Russian Worker*, was called the "Aquarium" ("That place that found us all such sea pickers"). And where we threw our coin on horse and children", and it provided female companions who gloried in such names as "Compassionate", Betty, Mocher, Hunky Baber, Dondra, Kereva and Mocha.

Not even these delights satisfied the Canadians, they wanted to go home.

But they couldn't. The Bolsheviks were still abroad and the normal population of the city - 40,000 - was transformed by a crowd of refugees and foreign soldiers. In 1918 Vladivostok was a wild city, right in the storm's path over such trivial offenses as spitting and exposed prisoners to refuse from drinking in and out of windows. The vodka was so strong that it was sold in one glass it was too strong to hold it. Wounded all the "Bolshevik" "Bolshevik of Death" ran the streets. This was an army of prisoners which the Canadian authorities were concerned had been turned by the Bolsheviks to undermine our brave lads and whose personal hygiene was suspect. The soldiers were warned to avoid contact with the dread Bolshevik and were thus saved from a fate worse than death.

The Canadians helped hundreds of destitute refugees with food, clothing and medical assistance. One day when Trooper Talbot was eating lunch near the Bazaar Commissariat, where he had been assigned to guard duty, a bearded old Russian wandered in and began to court a Chinese waiter. He was trying to buy food with what he thought was money that which turned out to be refuse tickets for American relief at Irkutsk, 1,000 miles away. The Russian was in rags and obviously had scurvy, so Talbot ordered him a meal, but when it came he put it in a pail rather than eating it. Talbot learned that the man's home in Irkutsk had been destroyed by the Bolsheviks, and instead of leaving his family at the refugee camp there, he had decided to lead them to Vladivostok - on foot. His wife and one child died of starvation and exposure, but two other children survived and were waiting for their father to return with food.

Continued on page 63

Soup Ahoy!



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What to tell them when they ask



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For example, they all have a unique slide rail suspension system, with hydraulic shock absorbers on the suspension and on the sled. They're built with a wide stance, wider track and wider skis. The centre of gravity is lower, and the weight of the engine is set way up front for better balance and control.

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Now, for 1973, we've built a line of Moto-Ski® snowmobiles that are everything snowmobiles should be. If you're in the market for a new snowmobile, you'll probably be testing them. And if you test a Moto-Ski, chances are good that you'll buy it. So, as a service to our customers, we'd like to prime you with a few points (things to say when the "expert" comes around).

Tell him about the choice.

There are eleven 1973 Moto-Ski snowmobile models to choose from—in five model classes. From the top, there's the brand new Moto-Ski "S" and Moto-Ski "F" series, with slide rail suspension. Then there are three Capri® models, two Zephyr® models and the Courier®. Among them, there's a snowmobile that's right for you. Right size, right price, right power, right performance.



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At Moto-Ski, we've always built rugged machines. We take pride in it. That's why our chassis is hand built, very carefully with back up plates at every stress point.

Moto-Ski F 442
Also available
Moto-Ski F 340 and
Moto-Ski F 205



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Zephyr 440
Also available
Zephyr 340



Tell him to go see for himself.

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United Van Lines

CYPRUS continued

And he's had a date. He's had a lot of luck there. This is lock-up-your-daggers country. The island had a bad reputation for Aphrodisiac worship and general lasciviousness in ancient times. And for the past 1,000 years or so it has been a lot of consanguinity, a lot of incest, and it knows what to do with them. Both sides keep their women close in modifications of the jordan's system and—except with the very modern or the very decadent—there's no such thing as a date. Families are provided on a street called Regatta, and there are houses in the tiny street near the Green Lane with "family houses" written in Greek letters on the door, meaning the adjoining houses are probably open for night visitors.

It's an odd part of the world, with old ways. Neither of the padres I met, Captain Tom Masson of the RCs and Captain Ron Saxon, the Protestant, thinks much of the system. Father Tom has a fine eye for a Pagan chapel and a fine humor for the national social system; he doesn't like to see old women working on road crews and young women suffering from arranged marriages. Orthodox island seems as pagan as Muslim to him. Both he and Ron Saxon find that homosexuality among the younger men with household wives is a problem. "A good marriage survives separation and divorce on it," Captain Saxon says. "But some of these guys are so strong."

Each member of the regiment is entitled to have his wife visit him in Cyprus for two weeks, about a fifth of their allowance, but so the padres point out, it's 30 times as hard for a private from the West to bring out a 30-year-old wife from Victoria or Calgary as it is for a colonel to bring his wife for a visit from Toronto. There's a hard time to go through, and the baby enters to find and the young ones haven't married much. (I suppose most heterosexuals are a hedge-podge in the department of age and experience. I came on the plane with a weathered group of sergeants and warrant officers, many of whom had been in Korea, Gien and the Congo. They had no sense except in paying the army to use the world. Some of them had been in Cyprus before, some of them hadn't, none of them made wanted to go. They thought maybe the army would be better off to use doing something to open up the North. In contrast, the privates—the new army greenhorns—from goggle-eyed at the world as if it was their first time out, were full of hope. "They say it's like Florida," some of them muttered.

Well, it is or it isn't. It has its own peculiarities. You have, for instance, to take your eyes off the palm trees and drive on the left-hand side of the road. I heard a corporal breaking in his regiment. "To the left, to the left." The way

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CYPRUS *continued*

the Ben do. They can't drive here, you got to watch out for the buskers. You don't have to go by strict rules, you can't read them anyway. You just remember, if it's Black & White it's Turkey Town, if it's Seven-Up it's the Gorda. The new driver is ready to learn, and does well enough. But he is leaving with the information that he can't as English got in Pima-4 and he's taking her out tonight. I think of the English ending of E. M. Forster's novel, *Howards End*. "Only connect."

The ordinary girl sits on the island, disconnected from its essential loneliness. The officer of long-standing is interested by his connection with the girl. The well-ovoid NCO of 45 has made his peace with connection in his own way: some drink, some buy women, some have hobbies, some are obsessed with their work. The young ones will make no effort. They look casually at the Cypriots and say to me: "Ole, look at those guys holding hands, there must be a lot of queens here, eh?" They are carrying out the quaternary but the knock.

Men have touch each other in public because they cannot touch women. This stems from the medieval following that annoys Father Time, in which women are property and property is public or private nothing is between. In the village, despite new electric lights and television sets and polished frigidaire, dried sheep's heads still hang on courtyard walls — to provide meat for cooking yogurt and cheese — women live in greater women did, peasants go out in their scarlet fields on foot or on donkeys and the old men, despite themselves in the sun in front of the cafe. A chair for the left foot, a chair for the right, a chair for the left arm, a chair for the right, one to sit on, one to look at, and an improvised wing reflecting the old ways. Machinery and expectation of a high standard of living are driving the grandsons off the land, now even the granddaughters commute to high schools in the town — the Cypriots preferred them after the German occupation, the Turks after the French rule — and in a generation or so may even become working girls with their own apartments and go on dates. But the old ways are not quite gone, nor the old village. Greek Easter, the Feast of the Blessing of the Waves, Laski Carnival, Ramadan, Big Intense, Little Intense, the year for each section of the population, is still a festival of religious feast.

In many ways, the Turks, after original losses, came well out of the 1964 war. Although they did not achieve the purpose of the island they asked for they gained virtually upstate government, temporarily at least, and have

continued on page 78



What makes a special cup of coffee special? Is it the moment? Or the meal that came before it? Is it the deep, dark colour in the cup? Or the full, rich taste of a gourmet blend? Maybe it's all those things. Maybe it's just knowing you're drinking Yuban. The coffee with a taste as rich as yours.

Yuban. When nothing else is good enough.



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BEWILDERING BOOKS ON FIVE BOOKS!

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CYPRUS continued

since 1967 had normal freedom of movement on the island, where Greeks must stay out of Turkish areas. On the other hand, they are now (nearly) free. A Greek will point out to you that a Turk can now go into a Greek area to collect his roots, but many such Turks have lost landholdings and livelihood. They are supposed to be the target of \$20 million per year by the government of Turkey, but this does not get among 25,000 colonies. Ironically, they have made their homes as farmers and landholders, or as civil servants. Very few of those jobs are still open to them. The Turkish areas never did look very prosperous — partly I think because the Neogene appearance of property meant nothing to them — but the Turkish quarter of Nicosia is now stylish and run-down.

General Leites, who looks amazingly like the Greek General George Geros, who looks amazingly like Mosley, came through the maze of Cypriot politics like a hot knife through butter. "The fact is to remember," he says, "is that Turkey has only 40 miles away. You can see it on a day's trip."

"You must also remember," he says, "that it's a very small war. With very large possibilities in actual fact. I feel confident in this war have been 197 — 197 since 1964. From that you can see the use of the operation. And both sides have monuments of barbarism. Both sides. Have you seen their Museums of Barbarism?"

I reply that on principle I never visit Museums of Barbarism.

"Good, don't. They do need to stay there, don't they?"

It is General Leites who goes from door to door in his big black car, checking on the operation. In some ways he is also a friend, authentic, very very British. He was educated partly in England and had a public-school accent. He's a man who could run a war not an idealist, not a fighter, but much as I admired his style I found his attitude risky. He speaks of General Geros' decision 1967 leaving with a letter from Greece to us to accept to enter into a troublesome Turkish alliance, when the Turks attacked by flying bombs over the island and the house-guards grabbed to saving civilians and ran for the famously scorned British Base Areas.

I could see it from his point of view, the entire Greek War interfering in their own problems again, setting the world on fire.

"What will you do if such a thing happens under your command?" (He was not in charge in 1967.)

"I will instruct my troops — I have instructed them — to physically interpose themselves between the Greeks and the Turks. And if the UN life is lost there will be hell to pay — hell to pay —

in the United Nations."

Then for there has been no need for physical interposition. First patrols along the Pedee River in Nicosia pass nervously over dried cappings of cypriot leaves — the Turk fence remains for the bloody-handled panics among UN troops in well as Greece — but the intermingling is usually on another base "Base" Canada. You get a Cyprus?

They arrange to meet on their first day, the Cypriot will take the Canadian back for dinner. He also contains of suspect the sacred island word is impossible in them and there. And there is no such against their own in the rules.

The house the Canadian goes to is more likely to be poor than well off. There is a prosperous bourgeoisie which builds modern villas and furnishes them with silk carpets and heavy furniture, who look amazingly like Mosley, came through the maze of Cypriot politics like a hot knife through butter. "The fact is to remember," he says, "is that Turkey has only 40 miles away. You can see it on a day's trip."

The tension between Greeks and Turks is not nearly troublesome for the peace-keepers. Turks arrest Greeks for wandering over the Green Line into the Turkish quarter. Greeks pick up Turks on drug charges that are often phony. The physical intervention required by the present situation appears to a UN soldier's making thing to the police nation in the hope of cooling an international argument. Residents are more discreet when a new incident arises, some say in order to convince the soldier that his presence is necessary.

Whether it is or not is a matter but expensive post. Most Greeks and most soldiers will tell you that the present fence is a 319-million, 319-million.

But General Leites will tell you that if the UN peace-keeping force, which will be made in a 319-million, 319-million. But General Leites will tell you that if the UN peace-keeping force, which will be made in a 319-million, 319-million. But General Leites will tell you that if the UN peace-keeping force, which will be made in a 319-million, 319-million.

The situation is complicated by an emotional movement called Enosis, which has for the last 40 years provoked a recommended action with Greece. Enosis opposed the construction in us to be that, in the Turks the more risk is involved. Greece itself runs hot and cold on the subject. President Makris

continued on page 60

Hey big Blue!

There's a special kind of kishup — a mas can feel for a machine like this. It got the guts to climb steep and hot hard, but you'll flame it with a touch. Nudge the controls. The lion and muscled from responds like a thoroughbred, quick and confident. Go ahead, wad it out on an open stretch. You tackle a trail or slice through deep vixen powder, but hey — it feels more like soaring! Now the quick light turn, and big Blue's sure-footed balance keeps you right on the beam without a whimper. Tough Road Eager. Like riding something alive.

The lion Big Blue and the lion Big Blue are the lion Big Blue and the lion Big Blue.



CYPRUS

people live in the villages on foot paths and when he puts on his political hat in town on Monday, drags that he recommends it. There are those who say that it is a dream, merely there are those who say that with the Colonels in power in Greece (Cyprus does not share the Western liberal view that the Colonels are a sorry part of work and the arena Z is based on the island) it is a dream near realization, in spite of the fact that it is technically impossible and would surely cause war with Turkey. I have lived 60 years to continue a friend of mine that any independence is preferable to this kind of state, but to an Arab. "We are Greek, we should be part of Greece," he says. "Besides we are too weak to stand alone."

Cyprus has been a problem since the earth shook and the sea flooded as and out of from Anatolia (where no Turks lived then). Islam has been a problem since transportation was discovered. The peace-keeping force does not solve the problem, but it delays some of its international complications and its probability for people who believe in NATO, worldwide.

We are not yet sure whether peace-keeping missions are of real value. Certainly, lives are saved, but whether the frustration of not being able to see force exacerbates or lessens problems we do not yet know. What happens if this fails, or even worse, or 10 years from now as Cyprus may tell us. Whatever happens is bound to provide some kind of adjustment in long as the domestic theory still operates in the Middle East — and it does. Perhaps if your island is so strange that it is a secret state you can even resign yourself to perpetual frustration, perpetual violence, and political prison to ensure yourself. Like those old women who, historically deprived of any independent power, find money out of their purses at 22% and manage everybody.

Meanwhile, if only something would happen. But your job is best done if nothing happens. So you go over to Goldfinger's and haggle for a good price on a shiny Club lighter. You work on your upgrading, you sign up for French lessons with that classy dame, the ambassador's wife. You can learn Greek dancing, if you want to: there's old movies in the American Cultural Centre and new movies on the home, and 2001 in the Princess Zena. But you never found out where that is, but movies if you can get a ride down to the Danish camp at Xeros.

You stand on the street corner listening to some guys singing making bagpipe noises. You don't go in. They'll clip you if there are girls there and what's the point if there aren't any.

Send old night in a tin box, writing on the phony war, and the son better never come. Music (the theme from *Never On Sunday*) Door slamming. They keep even the little kids up late in the summer. In the winter, nobody's out after ten.

What's that? Another golden palm branch falling down. The rats show their off. When's Ron coming on that old bike? Ninety years old, my Mom should see it, her brother had a paper route.

Old Raleigh speaks. Best, if they could see me riding back on the bicycle. Hi Ron.

Hi Ron. Anything going on? Oh, the usual. Nothing. When were you home last?

Six. You got dirty or you want to do something?

Didn't you hear? Colonel Hacham's got the new bus. We're all going swimming at Kyrenia.

Can you swim? Ron? You don't have to swim in that. Ron. You just let on it and it holds you up.

Over against Tyne last the island of Qebir. ■

Building even better cars is a Buick tradition.



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Good design means more is equal to more

Buick engineers work with computers to develop new ideas. And when they've proved their ideas on paper they prove them again on the test track. Buick's test drivers can run up three years of driving in three months. So every feature of your Buick has been tested, proved and proved again. As an example, consider Buick's Area Drive

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The test of a truly fine gin is not how many people try it, but how long they stay with it.



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CHOOSING UP SIDES IN NATO



SIX REASONS TO STAY IN

Peter Campbell, Canada's chief delegate to NATO for the last five years, calls for continuing Canadian membership in the alliance and especially allowing our military contribution to achieve meaningful results. The cost for his side:

1 Canada was instrumental in the formation of NATO in 1949 as a bulwark against Soviet expansion into western and central Europe. This is later evidence that Soviet designs on Europe are not unchanging. Continuing membership is justified by the suppression of the Hungarian uprising, the invasion of Czechoslovakia and a series of military pincers against West Berlin. NATO's military strategy depends on the doctrine of flexible response through which the West would be able to resist an attack without immediate recourse to nuclear weapons.

2 Canada's army and air force contributions may not seem an enormous part of the NATO defence system, but they remain important as a symbol of Canada's commitment to collective security. Without this country's withdrawal could weaken the resolve of smaller NATO countries especially Holland, Denmark and Norway which are facing the possible definition of a new role and would have the way to a greater degree of defence autonomy.

3 Canada's membership in NATO is our admission card to the negotiating table in the Western alliance. As members we remain in touch with European opinion. We can make our influence felt in the process of forming a new European order on the continent. We cannot afford to stand by while others make the decisions that will so greatly affect our future. Canada's UN representation in Geneva, Gouzenot recently told Canadian members at NATO, over gave the country a great say in disarmament discussions.

4 It would be an act of irresolution and failure for Canada to withdraw from NATO. We would no longer be contributing our share to the maintenance of the Western world's security. We would continue to share the benefits of collective security. The taxpayers of other countries would be carrying out burdens. This would be especially true of America's taxpayers, who might secondarily be holding up the entire world, which we dislike.

5 Canada needs the close partnership with European countries to help our economy and trade dependence on the United States. The presence of Canada's troops in NATO is a necessary condition to ensure that American relations with Canada will not be strained to the point of a serious crisis. This is a serious possibility of the U.S. If we pull out of NATO," says Campbell, "we would have to ask the United States to take over our defence."

6 Without a military along NATO lines, most of Europe loses the threat of "flexible response"—that is, finding one's strength in NATO is far from an ally's concern. By the Soviet Union's side have often been said "only" says Joseph Latta, secretary general of NATO. "But Soviet policy is essentially based upon a formal alliance on the West. But the fact is that their program of military non-involvement and refusal to accept developments in Europe and Japan... is an unprovoked attack on us in a struggle to draw political benefits from military strength. Moreover, even the United States is not right. After all, military forces, without a shot being fired, can in many cases act as a wedge for political action, in this case Soviet intervention. This is particularly relevant with respect to the building of Soviet naval power. The West has already seen how the Soviet naval presence at the Mediterranean can be used to give leverage in Soviet objectives which involve undermining or eliminating Western presence and power. Soviet intervention is being increasingly provoked as well as develop in the same way that Soviet presence in all the corners of the world. If Russia's sole concern is the defence of its territory, none of us will be in danger. It is partly for this purpose that an increasing of Soviet naval forces to areas remote from their coastline."

SIX REASONS TO GET OUT



Professor James Duggan, the country's best known defence expert, calls for Canada to get out of NATO which he describes as an illusory search for influence and international prestige. The cost for his side:

1 NATO characterizes the situation that generally are always preparing to fight the last war. The threat to world peace has now shifted to the Far East, the Middle East, and the Third World. The Soviet military power in Europe has been severely deflated for the past 30 years. The events against Hungary and Soviet Czechoslovakia were no reason to increase the role of the Communist defence system. Its role in Europe is not guaranteed by land armies but by nuclear weapons of technological nature. The cost of the kind of flexible response NATO is supposed to provide for a war that is not likely to be fought.

2 Canada's position in NATO is unique. We are the only member which is neither a great power nor a European state. Our defence would therefore be seen as the threat of any aggression through its land to believe that the NATO proposition now, any of arguing that Canada's land and product military power from NATO would break up the alliance when the United States and other members of France do not.

3 NATO has always had to make do with the results of disarmament. NATO has even rarely seen the pleasure of conventional weapons. The alliance was not created during the Berlin confrontations or the Cuban missile crisis. Canada was not consulted as a member, neither in anything else when President Nixon decided to withdraw nuclear arms from Europe. Canada's participation in NATO is a necessary condition that we would have access to the important European capital by leaving NATO. Our influence outside the alliance would be anything important. The nuclear situation in Germany may well depend on NATO. But this has nothing to do with Canada's membership. Professor John W. Worswick of the University of Saskatchewan wrote recently: "I mentioned 15 major dimensions concerning NATO over the years. In all cases the policy changes were initiated by the United States and then approved by the other members. The other NATO states follow the leadership of the U.S. on those issues often when this was not appropriate. This is a central in higher politics."

4 There is a well-known fact that the members of NATO will not intervene in Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968. Disarmament in 1968 is a sign that the Soviet Union does not intervene when the United States behaves with similar options in South Vietnam or the Democratic Republic.

5 NATO's military power is concentrated in the hands of the U.S. and is unguaranteed by the requirement for multi-national consent. The United States has 700,000 soldiers in Europe. The weapons commanded by NATO would all keep all U.S. custody. (The actual loss for commitment in a nuclear exchange is approximately seven million). From the strictly military point of view this concentration of power in the hands of one nation, increased by the fact that it is an essential element in guaranteeing the credibility of the deterrent. From a political point of view, though, the concentration of power means, in principle, that the United States has the nuclear force of Europe against its own hands.

6 There are many ways of contributing to collective security. Some are better than others. By virtue of superior resources and technology, one could build large armies and invest elaborate nuclear systems. Other men as in their life plan military education. But a second way is to be necessary to a broader membership as a policeman—and one less dedicated. There would be no free ride for a nation that sits on the back of providing and know-how in the underdeveloped world and provide protection from its own of trouble. This—and not NATO membership—should become the primary international function.

NATO from page 45

gave was stationed near Bonn in north-west Germany, as was the NATO plane called "a large position on the northern-central front of the eastern European region." One air division in the Zevenbrunn area, 165 miles north of Bonn on the French border, had an aircraft-fuel tank against Warsaw Pact targets. Now, one troop has been withdrawn to Italy, in Bavaria, to perform a kind of interim role as ground-faction support reserves which theoretically attack supporting up any Russian breakthrough. Other air force contingents have been reduced by half and the planes CF-104s have become not only dirty (the first prototype flew in 1954) but unsuitable for their new tactical support version. The planes are not fast nor suitable and unable to carry large payloads of conventional bombs at their current assignment.

The European disappointment with that "we need to have but we've got out of all our options" position has been growing better because Canada took the lead in convincing the alliance in 1948 NATO strategy was originally based on a "word and shield" concept. In areas where to have been built up to 90 divisions, a force powerful enough to hold back the first push by the 17th division the Russian maintained west of the Ural Mountains. Behind this "shield" stood the powerful "word" of the U.S. Air Force Strategic Air Command—generally, if necessary, to back up the NATO troops with attacks on the enemy's homeland.

But the 80 divisions never materialized. France withdrew all but two of her divisions in the Algerian war, and a north-draw shaggle from military participation in NATO. The West Germans delayed their contribution. The United Kingdom left a relatively small garrison on the continent. It soon became obvious that the NATO "shield" was little more than a glorified border patrol able merely to signal the news of any Russian attack.

At the ceremonial conference in 1954 NATO's generals were told to draw up an alternative strategy based on a leveling off of defense expenditures by the members of the alliance and the development of limited nuclear weapons. The result produced a first-class secret document called MC-20, which recommended "graduating the West's deterrent." Stripped of its jargon, this meant the NATO armies would create a secondary deterrent—strong enough to discourage the Russians from attacking Europe with their overwhelming land forces, but not powerful enough, if such a case at all, to engulf the world in nuclear war. This plan was adopted in December 1957, though, if necessary, any unguaranteed had much faith in the distinction between tactical and strategic nuclear weapons. The generals argued

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NATO around

that tactical nuclear weapons were the only way of taking war back to the battlefield. They make the same weapons of precision and disarmament instead of a blind force of destruction. A NATO general said at the time "And don't forget that the atomic bomb is already our war old. These weapons are really conventional now."

What happened the opponents of the tactical weapons was that their advisers for the first time in history placed two nuclear armies face to face. "Commanders will always tend to use every weapon they possess rather than risk their troops being overrun," wrote the British strategist R. H. Lusk. Had the US under this system, no individual would have to assume the awesome responsibility for making the decision that begins World War III. Britain would grow out of border incidents, disarmament would follow one another, no specific point would be the subject of human controversy. Due strategy compared the pro-

cess to a clock mechanism which governs movement and movement with the support of a lagging public opinion but whose actual motion like that of some chaotic mechanism.

But nothing much happened. Hungary was invaded in 1956. Czechoslovakia in 1968. NATO did nothing. Canada joined the NATO document in 1963 by agreeing to make no nuclear weapons for its forces. In 1970, NATO and CF-104 fighter-bombers. They moved quietly under guard by their US key-keepers for more of a decade. Then in 1978 we handed the missiles back to the Americans and took ourselves half way out of the NATO system.

The issue which will face the federal government in power after the election is whether we should get completely out of NATO or remain in some meaningful capacity. Even if they too go to the NATO system, they may not be able to prevent us from becoming a meaningless acronym. ■

CFL from page 38
for \$1.5 million. Right away Pin is bankrupt."

That's part one of the scheme. Part two has to do with loans.

"Suppose I buy my NFL franchise for \$10 or \$12 million, whatever it is they're asking these days, and then I use the same president that the government made in the case of the Montreal Expos baseball club. They let the Expos claim the original players that were on the first team as a provable asset for ten years. You realize what that means? That means they could write off 90% of their investment at the start. I do the same with my new NFL team and I'm rich in business."

Part three is making the product.

"Look, the Arpa was playing their league games in the middle of July and the season's over by the third week or so of November. The NFL teams go from mid-September to January. It's like two different seasons and it only adds up to... what? — 35 home games a year. The old Bullard down at Maple Leaf Gardens only had 35 NHL games a year, and I'll have 35 tickets to 20 football games. They'll like your bid and eat it if high enough in front of my bid. I'd like to be sure that they can't lose an NFL ticket unless they take an Arpa ticket. I'll own both teams and I could take money out of one pocket and put it in the other. I'd keep both teams going. I'd merchandise them like a Dominion Store special."

Impressive indeed. But — wait wait — here's the kicker. John Bovek doesn't necessarily want to pursue his vision. In fact, he says the scheme is a last-ditch

desperation bid to ensure some thing he fears that he's holding in reserve.

"I love Canadian football," he says, pulling out all the performing stops. "I've loved it since I was 10 years old. It's a hell of a granddaddy night before game (than American football). I don't want the NFL in Canada. But" — here Bovek bends from the waist, legs arm and straight finger flexing his bicep between the toes and his sides drops to a whisper — "I'm terrible for Montreal. I am sick to my heart about Montreal. If Montreal gets an NFL franchise then the Alouettes will collapse because Montreal is not a good football market. No good enough for two teams or maybe even for one. The Alouettes would go and when they went the CFL would follow them into collapse. I tell you, I'm terrified of Montreal."

John Bovek bends himself up, voice steady now, and another side up to be happy if there was no NFL invasion of Canada. But I'm just in back. I've got to be prepared."

What is going on with football in Montreal now? The picture is painting a wildly murky. But there are nonetheless, three clear factors to consider.

One: By 1978 Montreal will have, maybe courtesy of federal funds, an Olympic Stadium capable of seating more than 50,000, which at the moment figure the National Football League permits among its member clubs — and potential member clubs.

Two: Major Jean Desnoes and his

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administrative setback. Gerry Snyder, have a superb track record in hiring situations, spending and otherwise, in their city, the Montreal Expos baseball team, the Olympics, Expo 83. As John Bassett says, "If anyone can win the NFL, it's Drapac."

Three. Sam Berger, the owner of the Alouettes, is losing money. \$500,000 in two years, and it may be time to put around for a change in fortune.

Sam Berger is a dignified, aging (72) paragon gentleness who made a great deal of money producing law in Ottawa and who bought the Alouettes before the 1978 season for \$1.2 million. He may regret the purchase. In the winter, most of his office up on the seventh floor of a fading and ancient building at the corner of Drummond and St. Catherine Streets in Montreal, the only football picture on the walls is of an earlier Berger team, the Ottawa Roughriders of '69 Grey Cup champs. And inside his office, reminiscent in dark-blue pastels, was pulling on a long thin cigar. Berger lets you know that, strong, strong, things could be better.

"It's true that we've had unpleasant financial times these last two years," he says, cool and low key. "The Astroturf I'm afraid, is an impossible place for football and we've moved to the Molson Stadium for our games. But we're

obligated to pay rent at the Astroturf through to 1975 as well as at Molson. That's an expense. And our attendance wasn't the very best in 1971. All I say is that, hopefully, we'll have a competitive team in Montreal and that it will help to fill the stadium."

As for the Alouettes, are in trouble Berger can't possibly stand pat. He must look outside the Canadian league.

"The CFL is a pretty viable thing, you know," he says, still cool and low key. "It's getting along pretty well."

But, well, possibly the CFL as it goes will not remain viable in Montreal.

"What now? Develop in the next few years as the direction Montreal or for that matter Toronto, might take is another matter."

Mr. Berger, but not, would you like to bring the NFL to Montreal?

"I'd like football here to be forever a Canadian game," he says, leaning up just a touch. "But if something comes up of a different nature in Montreal, then I'm going to take steps to protect myself."

Now Drapac, it appears, isn't so obviously enthralled as Sam Berger is with the notion that the CFL is an essential Canadian institution. He has other fish to fry, such as promoting his dream of making Montreal "the city of the world." Would he, though, actually at-

tempt to rustle up an NFL franchise for Montreal's new, in 1978 stadium? On a question so specific, Drapac is playing it safe.

Sam Berger: "I asked the mayor that very question. He told me that he was looking forward to the time when the Alouettes would be tenants of the stadium."

John Gaudet, commissioner of the CFL: "I saw the mirror last May and he felt that, as regards football — CFL or NFL — he had no alternative but to keep his options open."

Mayor Drapac himself, speaking, briefly, early this summer: "What I do in regards to football or anything else will be what is best for this great city of ours."

Gerry Snyder, who went from his sporting goods dealership in the middle-class and Jewish Montreal district of Steeles to a job as vice-chairman of the city's executive committee, sheds slightly more light on Montreal's football ambitions: "I'm more concerned with the Olympics at the moment, you must understand, but I happen to know that there are financial interests in Montreal who are prepared to make overtures and what-have-you to secure a National League franchise for Olympic Stadium. It isn't one of the questions that

continued on page 58

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CFL coach we would have it in to play in 1977 too, wouldn't we?"

Snyder adds, "I think Canadian football is a wonderful game."

Pete Roselle speaking from New York City. Pete Roselle, commissioner of the National Football League, a dark, good-looking, well-preserved man, well and lively on matters of administration and public relations, guarded though pleasant in talking about speculative league business. "We're not peering expansion of the National League at the top of league position at the present time. We were from 12 teams to 26 during the 1960s and we're concerned with consolidating that growth. But I will say that it is not unrealistic to think that we might ultimately go to 32 during the decade of the 1970s. There's interest in Honolulu to come into our league and in Mexico City, San Antonio, Tampa and Phoenix are interested. As for Montreal and Toronto, I wouldn't say they are top candidates. The weather is a concern up there later in the season end, of course. Canada has its own very distinctive game. It would have to be a variation in Canada where we would feel wanted by everyone."

"Yes Mr. Roselle said the same things to me about expansion last winter at the Super Bowl game." Mike Gauder, the CFL commissioner, was saying. "He said that his league was not accepting expansion anywhere in the

foreseeable future and he defined 'foreseeable future' as meaning that it would be five years before they even started to discuss expansion. I don't want to sound like Neville Chamberlain returning from Munich, but I came home from meeting Roselle convinced that the NFL wouldn't be moving up here. Of course, any situation could change in a hurry."

Mike Gauder is without much challenge the best-informed and wisest football administrator Canada has so far come up with. His roots run deep in the game (so do his family roots in the country—back to the 18th century). He was a tough, hard-nosed, teamster with Toronto and Hamilton teams, president and then general manager of the Hamilton Tiger-Cats, a longtime CFL officer and, for the past four years, commissioner of the league. His contacts with the NFL reach back to a 1954 meeting with Bert Ball, Roselle's predecessor as commissioner and a man whom Gauder calls his "father-confessor in sport and in life." At that meeting and again in 1960 and 1968 meetings with Roselle, Gauder acted on behalf of the CFL in drawing up an NFL-CFL modus vivendi. The three memoranda from those meetings deal mainly with the signing of players, each league pledging recognition of the other's player contracts. Significantly, the only mention in the memoranda of NFL expansion into Canada came in a brief sentence in the 1960 memo to the

effect that no National League owner, except George Marshall of Washington (now deceased), expressed any interest in moving the league north of the U.S. border. But those three memos, Gauder agrees, are hardly the last word in relations between the two leagues.

Personally Gauder appears to be a man sincerely without guile. He's a friendly and frank conversationalist, an agreeable, avowed fellow. For all his lifetime's solid work, he has a kind of delicacy about him. His movements, sitting there in the big swivel chair in the suite of offices in downtown Toronto from which the CFL is governed, are almost gingerly, and when he talks he shows a heavy presence in his choice of words.

"There is one way in which our league is essential to the NFL," Gauder points out. "That's in an indirect situation. If the National League is taken to court in a lawsuit, they can point to us and say well, look there's a league up in Canada and it's an alternative to any boy coming out of college who wants to play football. Our existence as a sport and viable alternative acts as a line of defense for them and therefore for us."

If Gauder, a realist, still sends a little like a man whistling past a graveyard it's because, as he doesn't mind granting, the CFL has built its popularity. "Reggie just to take it as an example of the situation, can't afford to be in our league," he says. "It down on about 200,000 people for its support. How can it expect to keep up with Toronto and at least Montreal? The answer is that it can't and the answer is that in that the CFL has stayed alive only through the willingness of its owners to keep it alive. We got around the obvious regional economic disparity with devices like our equalization payments by which the richer clubs pay into a fund to support the poorer clubs. Vancouver keeps Regina above water. Toronto does the same for Hamilton. Now what would happen if the NFL came along and moved into our CFL city? It would eliminate a major market for its own equalization payments, and kill the poorest CFL."

Gauder obviously looks with mixed feelings on the CFL's reluctance last winter to take a step that might have opened up the league's financial position. "As every fan knows, a man named Robert Schmeitz applied for a CFL franchise in New York City," Gauder explains. "He would have made a very attractive partner. He's seriously worth about \$40 million, and for the 15 Auster can players his team would be allowed he was prepared to go out and spend the money to get himself 15 free National Of course, that might have been a real-

continued on page 90

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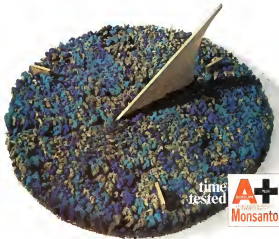
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ports per team, not the more American head coaches, nor the seven American general managers. "I think that in the CFL, we're close to having our cake and eating it too," Guadalupe says. "The U.S. players and coaches have made it possible for Canadian boys to develop into much better ball players than they would have on their own. There wouldn't have been a Ross (Jackson) without the Americans. But as it came from the league is mainly owned by Canadians. It's Canadian who control the legislation of the game. That's what I call the best of both worlds."

Where the Americanization worry does come in is with the show-biz elements like Berger and Bawert, in line with Canadian, both though they are might somehow slide into the NFL in the process. Smiling the CFL. It's hardly a fantasy given the potent notoriety of Berger. Bawert and others in the CFL, however, to former elite wealthy Canadian football built who don't now have an owner's share of the season promising a rush to the National League. Bawert far was out on the street. "Give me 48 hours on the phone," he says, "and I could find 10 men who'd put up a million each for an NFL franchise in this country. These guys are willing to go into football."

W. Ross Reussert goes along with Bawert's assessment. In fact, he'd like two for NFL, himself. Reussert is a fan-talking, young (35), well-to-do Toronto businessman (he's in wine), and three years ago he and a couple of associates made a push for a National League team in Toronto.

"I had meetings with Wellington Moss, the New York Giants owner," he says, "and I got together for long talks with Jim Tremble, who acts as a sort of liaison man between Reussert and Guadalupe, and it came out that at that time the NFL didn't want to disturb the existing relationship with the CFL. I got the idea that the two leagues were marking time. But there's no question Toronto's ready for the NFL. Pro football's the money game three days and Toronto's a city that wants the best. It's possible to get it, and when the day comes I'd like to be right there involved in the action."

It's the Brampton of Canada that Toronto's John Guadalupe's football world. Can they be headed off? Does the CFL have a line of defense? Guadalupe feels that the present federal government "recognizes the importance of the CFL." He has, at any rate, found sympathetic supporters in Ottawa over the last couple of years to which he submitted to the Economic Council of Canada, the CRTC, the Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs and the Task Force on Sports for Canadians to which he outlined various defenses for the CFL's vulnerable flanks. But

whether the government would swing into a more tangible act of protection in a CFL crisis whether it would move in a way analogous to its 1970 blocking of the Detroit Mirror into U.S. waters, Guadalupe can't guess.

John Morris, the Minister of National Health and Welfare, might presumably make an educated guess. Morris speaks for Canadian sports of the cabinet, and, though it's possible, proposed collapse of the CFL doesn't rank among his top priority battles at the moment, he set down earlier this summer to give the nation a spin or two. Morris is a short,

chunky man, struggling against an overweight problem and a smoker's back. He has a baseball bat and a full distance over of four and a meter that manager to combine comeliness and intelligence.

"We've thought about what we could do for the CFL," he says. "Morris said 'I don't know if we could get into legislation. I mean, look, we're in the area of private business here. If first enterprise people want to spend their money in being in an NFL franchise and we say no, there would be substantial implications on page 14."

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CFL continued
Canada. We'd be going over to a history of pretty much two centuries commercially and culturally between Canada and the U.S. There are, however, never-ending negotiations that a government might see. I'm just competing now, but we could hang in a discriminatory tax policy. We could make an NFL franchise in Canada a financially sound matter still, we say. I'd say this though to the CFL, that if it wants to hold itself out as a Canadian institution then it had better get more Canadian. If it's thinking of expanding, it should expand to Halifax, say, instead of to New York City. And it should get the French element of the country more involved in football than it is now, if that is possible. Then if the CFL is in danger of American take-over and if there's a strong reaction of positive associations not just the receiving kind, then the football government would have good grounds for acting."

When Jake Gardiner moves around the country, speaking in language businessmen's luncheon and football gatherings, he almost always winds up his speeches with what he thinks of as a guaranteed shock ending. He apologizes initially for his remarks, calling them "maybe a bit coarse," and pointing out that he isn't "a really hard-line nationalist." Then he goes on to say something like this: "Our football league, if you think about it, is a very close reflection of Canada's problems as a nation in holding on to its identity and its autonomy in the face of a stronger force to the south. Think of the CFL as Canada and think of the NFL as the United States. The analogy is just about perfect. And so what I wonder is this — if the CFL succumbed to the NFL, would Canada as a nation be long behind in falling to the United States?"

Well, yes, Commissioner Gardiner, maybe that is an apt analogy, but it's regrettably too, that Canada must be carefully and painfully looking in, reassessing if the last line of defense between its independence and its collapse is a football league. And anyway, as far as the CFL is concerned, isn't it just about too late? With all the information available to its right now in this football season of 1972, with our knowledge of "coaches" standing with the hands of uniform among some wealthy Canadians and some city-cryid politicians to move up and along in the passage of the National League with the gentle but perceptible slipping toward American football, it's easy enough to predict that somewhere in the CFL's short future there are a couple of NFL teams. It's happening in spite of ourselves — because after all everyone in Canada "loves" our two games — but it's happening. You've been a good old league, CFL, but to long. ■

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HORNERS continued

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"As kids we were most aware of egoism and who was running. But where there's most people," says Hugh, "it was a different kind of politics. You could call it politeness."

Politics is what the Horners do best and they do it better than almost anybody. They work with a kind of furious intensity at the most crucial jobs they seem to thrive on endless boring meetings, trivia, personal gossip, maneuvering, huddling over strategy and tactics — all the parking and shoving of golfballs. Their approach is intensely practical and personal: they see politics as individual people, whether they are voters or cabinet ministers. Too, the names of a political enemy among a group of Horners and they go for it like dogs tearing at a bone: snapping, chewing and devouring it with cruel relish.

There here for the next and made of politics has given the Horners their popular image as a gang of Bunsen burners with crowns on their feet, an image dramatically fostered by the "landslide wave" of the party — mostly the Eastern Canadians — the hard hands who clung around Stanfield. The Horners must obey and meticulously. "Sure we're ruthless," says Hugh. "I suppose it's not the most thing at the moment." The Horners are an embarrassment to a

party that prides itself on honest, like a Protestant ministry. Some say the Horners, who prefer to hang out with the old pals, the bagmen, the long-defunct, Defenbacher, carpetbaggers, the gang of fat-pals who take their clients around the house — the Yabons, the party establishment, all rest in protestantism to call them.

"Jack" said one of them, "wounds me of the gaps you used to find in every prime high school. There'd be five or five reinforcements here kids who usually quit school early. School just wasn't for them. They were considered stupid but they weren't; they just didn't like school. They were sort of wild. Jack's like that out of those fellows who grew up, but didn't really grow up."

Jack Horners still seems but has short in the style of the Fifties. His language is a mixture of flight, he is either warning or losing; you get the feeling he is always using people up thinking. "Can I take him?" Rumsfeld, senior, renders around various like rituals — the cable station, the carling rock, the path — and it is held together by a rigid code of personal honor.

Stanfield made one big mistake. When the 17 western MPs voted against the Languages Act, he showed up publicly. Before the point, he really ended up as up and down. It was a bad thing to

do. It's like a lot of members who are brought out and wheeled in the village square, there's a bond formed. We're all gone away now, but we don't forget. There's not one of those MPs who's ever really supported Stanfield when Aid is their leader."

Jack Horners' ambitions are so secret. He may very well be the second most powerful Conservative in the House of Commons. He stalked out his ground clearly at the famous Bunkers meeting in 1976 where western MPs round Stanfield in voice just loud enough for the press to overhear. The western MPs make up about one-third of the Conservative caucus. Jack Horners has most of them. He also has a lot of friends in eastern Canada," he says. His leadership on last fall's spectacular attack on the Liberal government's social cultural policies gave the Conservative Party its first faint taste of victory in years. Jack Horners revealed himself as that elusive, inconstant, elusive politician, a good stranger with a more sense of the popular. "I only expect," he says, "when I believe it's right ... and I think I can win."

He couldn't accept for Stanfield and seems to make no attempt to disguise it, constantly and deliberately rubbing salt in the party's open wound, picking at it.

(continued on page 102)

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1 oz. Cream
Place with small quantity crushed ice in blender. Use low speed for short time. Strain into champagne glass.

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Fill old-fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Liqueur Galliano over ice and squeeze 1/4 section from lime into glass. Deep-fries shell in. Stir and serve.

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HORNERS continued

tells us, a popular old-fashioned way, his conversation is a string of colorful stories and anecdotes captured in homespun western words which evoke a past when men were men and settled life here.

"Dad could have been more sophisticated," says Byron. "He only had a grade three education. He could have taken steps to polish himself if we ever ran to it. I felt he was used. They'd have James Cagney as a mascot on the barman in a Seaside restaurant and the place would go up 'Where's Byron?' I think this is Dad's problem too. I guess we're just pig-in-the-poke Irish."

The Horners have always been part of a homely, friendly, a tradition which contributes to their appeal. When Sam Hornor was an Irish Protestant who settled in Shawville Quebec a small United Empire Loyalist enclave near Ottawa in about 1820. The Horners lacked a small farm out of the back that produced mainly children and potatoes with long white heads who held to incredible creases old age - grand-grandfather finally carved himself to death at the age of 90. The Horners' love and politics come from grandmothers Sarah, a schoolbook Conservative. Then there was Bishop Ralph a former famous Methodist preacher who started the Horners' religion a kind of an arrival in the Ottawa valley. Bishop Ralph was a great orator: he made a lot of money used his brother Bishop John (who drank a lot before he became a bishop) tangled with a Catholic priest in a church going. They would build the price of a heart attack.

Senator Horner, a Canadian Honorary Alger came west to make his fortune - and did. He returned the home market in northwestern Saskatchewan, opening out of the R. R. Hornor House Exchange in Blaine Lake, where he lived over the table. He brought work horses to from Quebec and into western horses to Ontario to work in the lumber camps, moving them out in 315 a month. He sold horses in Wisconsin, milk in England, ran a taxi service in Blaine Lake and rented tips to local doctors and physicians by the hour.

He dealt in anything - guns, horses, land and seed, even horses. He bought a whole Indian reserve near North Dakota, built a powerful in one day, sold them on credit and almost went broke when people couldn't pay their mortgages during the Thirties.

"He was a shrewd dealer one of the greatest horse traders that ever lived," says Jack, who built the house. "He established a reputation that if you came to deal with him you came with your pencil sharp and your mind clear. He did it so skilfully and tough that a lot of times he forced the guy into a position

where he couldn't pay. Everybody in the area owed him money. A lot of it he never collected. We would be driving through the countryside and Dad would repeatedly say, 'The so-and-so owes me for this. I should do something and see if he's got any money.' But he never did. Money was scarce."

The next Hornor children were raised on their father's brand of poverty persistence - hard work, guts and discipline and I don't give a damn honesty. "We were never allowed to mention that we were the 'senior's kids,'" says Kathleen. They were hard-on-down and their's outstings for hockey pads like everybody else. They make outland more to do the work, the boys worked grass, patched horses, mended fences, ploughed the fields, planted the crop, mended the cows and cared for the horses.

There was no heating in the parlour, says Byron. "We would have a dollar and never spend it for two weeks if you asked him for money. He'd hit the roof. 'Man is a hungry animal!' he said. 'You have to make him hungry. If you want security go to jail!'"

The Horners were based on the Bible. No drinking. No smoking. No drinking. "Boy, you couldn't play cards on Sunday," says Jack. "You couldn't play cards at all. I don't think Dad played cards at all until he went to the Senate - and then he learned to play bridge."

Jack still has a quiet code of sexual conduct - if you know a girl up, you marry her. It's small-town morality, reminiscent of dark can peered on dirt roads, where beer and anxiety. "It's all tied in with being truthful, really," he says. "It's hard to have loose morals and still be honest. It's pretty easy not to tell a lie, really. If you told yourself no word, don't say anything. Man has how in politics of confidence you develop the art of engineering."

The Horners' power. Cabinet up-bringing has had a profound effect on them.

"It's difficult for people who have gone through that to accept the welfare state," says Hugh. "They made it so why can't someone else? The higher the welfare, the higher the income tax and the higher the income tax the more you turn off the industrial, marriage. People who are trying to contribute to the growth of this country."

"It's part of the Western dream. People came to western Canada to better themselves. They weren't doing well where they were. They came from Europe, because they were bad over there. That's why government programs made the mark. They forgot to take into account the dreams of these people. We just want to opportunity to make those dreams come true."

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However, he would most of his pleasure to Monte Carlo's style. "Speaking as a designer, there are certain aspects that I find particularly pleasing to the eye. The lines of the roof and rear deck,

for example. I find it very contemporary. Elegant may seem an old-fashioned word for word for Monte Carlo, but it sure fits." "It's not the kind of car you buy to impress people. But I think Monte Carlo does say a lot for its owner, only it says it very quietly."

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(Drods) Moore told the press in November, "a family pact can't be a flimsy of the father must be away as much of the state." That was only a few days after Moore's party best described in an apparently shaky election decision, and thereby launched a wave of discontent that was outstanding even by Newfoundland's infamous political standards. Two months later — at the height of the political confusion — Mr. Moore quietly filed a petition for divorce on grounds of adultery and moral cruelty, but three days after that she discontinued the divorce action.

"I am not divorcing my husband and I consider our relationship to be an entirely private one, and it should be represented as such," she advised. "I stand behind my husband in his role as leader of the Progressive Conservative Party and I believe, as I always have, that he is the best man to be premier of Newfoundland."

No politician could ask for a more resounding endorsement of his candidacy and in the election that followed in March, Moore came fairly close to demolishing the Liberals. The PCs won 50 seats, the Liberals nine, and it was clear that Newfoundland voters did not hold against any one the dubious harmony of his marriage.

Now, with his fan up the dirt collar open and the grand British cresting the shoulders of the afternoon, Moore was facing the endearing color photographs of his six beautiful daughters and his one beautiful son, and he said he and his wife were one again when they married and that, yes, the life of a Newfoundland politician was hardest not on himself but, rather, on his wife and kids. It was so much easier for the politician to develop a happy life, the skin of women and children measured thin. He said, too, that he was a terrible disaster, a disaster premier, a secret romantic, a life-long worrier of the way and that, sometimes, he thought the only thing he really wanted to do in the world was get aboard a huge yacht, sleep it with the books he'd always wanted to read, a cruise system for his eyes, and time "good company," and then just loaf and oversee his way around the world. Maybe after any more elections.

Moore already takes the son of holidays structure yesterday dream about — glistering sailing parties in the Caribbean and the Azores — and he wishes he likes to have paradise on his lonely men of the Newfoundland barrens, to bring out the spirit of the men and the persona of his political life for days on end and to collapse each night in a makeshift cabin. And unlike most of us — and especially unlike most Newfoundlanders — Moore is rich enough to make his sleep dreams come true. The more interesting thing is this, all

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though he is only 36 now, he has already retired once because "I was going to just live the good life," but the good life did not take. He was born in Cumberland, which is next door to Herbert County, the son of a fish merchant who was not a political man. His father wanted Frank to become something more than the son of a local fish enterprise and he sent him to St. Andrew's College in Ayr, Ontario, and later to Boston University (Newfoundland's better-known families have always sent their boys away to get an education and, quite often, to these same two schools). Moore, however, loved the fish business more than he loved school. "I could not get out of it," he says. "I had a great love of fish and it was a genuine passion in the man" — and, after a while, he quit university to go to work as a fish pier in Boston.

His father refused. He took Frank into the family firm, North Eastern Fish Industries Ltd., and after he died Frank achieved a fairly miraculous expansion in the business. In a few years, its work force grew from fewer than 200 to more than 1,500. There, in 1963, Moore sold the whole outfit to a handful of fish-processing interests for something like two million dollars. Knowledgeable fish people say the deal was exceptionally skewed on Moore's part. Thirty-two years old, Set for life.

"I focused after a very few months you get bored with having nothing to do," he said. Dalton Camp and particularly Robert Stanfield helped inspire him to enter politics. He had the touch. Even Joey Smallwood himself had lost his luster as a candidate for election in 1932, but in 1948 Frank Moore won the federal seat of Bonaville-Tyack-Compton for the PCs. In '59, he won the party's national presidency. In '70 he led the leadership of the PC party of Labrador and Newfoundland. In '71, he led the provincial PC's in their indecisive but nonetheless astounding upset of Smallwood. In '72, he and his followers retained the Liberals humbly. Moore chose to continue Smallwood personally as Premier. What in the end of October, 1971, but "Joey ran like a soldier out" to Phoenix Lake, and in the slaughter of March 1973, the Liberals did not bother even to put up a candidate against Moore.

"That is not your party decision," he says. "The only sure what is it. At all the annual meetings people'd say, 'Why are you a PC?' I'd say, 'Because Joe Smallwood is a Liberal.' It didn't go down that well." Because Joe Smallwood is a Liberal. That was carried in 1963-72 to go up to a lot of angry men to call themselves PCs. They'd have called themselves Binky Corcorans, prevented bigger battles or even manifestations of they'd thought for one minute it would have helped drive Joe off his throne.

Now, in the first year of the first PC administration since Newfoundland joined confederation, Joey was over in England doing what one of the local papers called "Atlantic research aimed at producing the definitive history of Newfoundland" — and Moore rather hoped it'd stay over there because, as he said with no great enthusiasm, Joey was a "bloody nuisance."

Only a few days earlier, Moore had paid a fair tribute to Joe's before hundreds of the robust and more powerful men in the western world. It was at the biggest party ever held in any wilderness, the magnificent ceremonies for the Churchill Falls power project in Labrador. A blow to end all blows: a two-million-dollar dinner banquet at which 3,500 people stuffed 10 tons of food and Frank Moore upstaged Trudeau and Keenan and maybe even Rick Little when he said, "Through all the years — from the days when there was no electricity to the day when the project is a reality — there was one person whose influence was undeniably there was one man who fought and fought hard to keep that work alive." That man is Joe Smallwood.

SMALLWOOD HAD A DEGREE OF HARDINESS COMPARABLE TO A DUMPSIDE BRIDGE

A material address read the St. John's Daily News. Stanfield-like Above politics. "It was no more for me to do that," Moore said over the South. "I've never been a partisan about Smallwood in the way he was about me." Smallwood, in the best of various campaigns, has called Moore the Baron, a rich boy, a member of the poor, a school art who abandoned the welfare of his province for the sake of personal profit and perhaps in a questionable deal, as the evening wound on, the state-ministry slipped a bit.

John Crosbie, Moore's closest friend since served under Joey and he told me that on the last Sunday Smallwood had developed character traits that were reminiscent of a distant Moore. Did not go quite that far. He merely alleged that Smallwood would go to any extreme to hang onto his power, that Smallwood was incapable of forgiveness, that although Smallwood's insatiable collection of knickknacks had once utterly overwhelmed this very office, "the biggest knickknack of them all was the one sitting behind the desk" and that Smallwood had "a degree of narrowness comparable to a Dupont bridge. Gosh, they were alike."

It is hard to imagine how two men from one island could be so alike that Frank Moore and Joey Smallwood. Smallwood grew up fairly impover-

ished. Moore's father was a highly respected fish merchant and Moore grew up nearly third. Smallwood failed as a publisher, as a pig farmer, at whatever business he pursued. Moore's father succeeded in the fish business he put his hand to fish. Smallwood, even 50 years ago, was making himself tricks of strategy that would help make him one of the most magnetic speakers in the modern history of the country, even now, however. Moore is an outcast in all the gears of the young Robert Smallwood. Smallwood was already a hotshot newspaper reporter in his teens. Moore, no one was still a schoolboy. For most of his life, Smallwood was a mild socialist. Moore is not Smallwood is uncomfortable with women. Moore is not Moore is an outcast even a hunter a sports fanatic. Smallwood is not Moore is a big fellow. Smallwood is not Moore is a big fellow.

Smallwood has been claimed to be a socialist but he ended up selling vast pieces of Newfoundland and Labrador to private interests. Moore likes to drink himself happy in "Boulevardier," a private restaurant in history and outlook, but his government has started out by dismantling private industries. Smallwood's abilities as an administrator, organizer and conference-able quackish was questionable and, in many respects, he was an outcast, but Moore's greatest asset outside his talents as an administrator, organizer and catalyst to inspire people to get along, while they work.

The last quality is crucially important right now to any political party in Newfoundland. Earlier this year some of Moore's elected "representatives" demonstrated they had the minds of squids — their positions were worthless and their mobility amazing — and Moore's other qualities were who since started in Smallwood's cabinet and dreamt of becoming promoters themselves. Moore relies heavily on the judgment of what his campaign literature described as "The Trust and the News." "I've got some fairly trustworthy able guys in my cabinet." (A few years ago the average age of Smallwood's cabinet was over 50, the average age of Moore is under 43.)

Smallwood in his last years in power, was a sophisticated man. Moore, in his first years in office, is training to a debauched degree. His verbal indiscretions occasionally caused separation but they also endow him to them. It's hard to dislike a man who treats you with information that could hurt him, and it's harder to keep him. At 1:08 p.m. his head aching from the House of Assembly on his interview and "Gosh, I was supposed to be up there," slipped he drank down on the table, pulled on his jacket, disappeared up that way. His last words to me were, "You won't hear."

Continued on page 111

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MOORE'S continued

It'll be back in a few minutes." Leaving me, a stranger, a free-lance journalist yet the worst kind, the kind who hasn't even got a boss you can lean on, leaving me, bereft with better, entirely alone in his office and what must surely have been important Papers of State shoved all over his desk (I missed all impatience except one. Well, I reasoned I may never again even see a premier's press secretary. It'll show me out, and everyone would be having something to say to tell his grandchildren).

Moore and Sealwood, however, do have a couple of things in common. They both admire Churchill, and they are both Newfoundland politicians who are without the political taste of St. John's. Moore is wealthy now, but he's not one of those St. John's men who when they used to denounce as "cocktail party butterflies" whose "dilettante minds" switch at the faintest smell of fish. If a Bayesian can be rich, Frank Moore is a Bayesian.

The company served Joey because he fought St. John's to achieve Confederation for them, and because he could perform on a platform as well as on a boat and outgrew a way as he could in recent years however the glitzy and its laughs above the ground and Joey's hang-up there, all seemed to grow, and Moore's style was mainly different. He is not a performer, he is one of the boys. Despite the money, he would drive into an outport even in his sky-blue Cadillac, and he would talk to men about fish, far out there because he knew fish, he understood the business he earned about it in ways that Joey did not. He could hang around a wharf, just listening, telling a bit, trading information and stories, passing the time of day and, maybe, just maybe, helping to get a local CP organization off the ground. He would say, "You can't live a life like the fish, you've got to go where the fish is, and he could say it without sounding unattracted. ("The fish always come to us") he told me in his office. "Christ, they'll come up and hang their heads on the rocks for God's sake, while their other customers were learning how to lust them. We've never had to be lusted."

Early one summer, The Team was receiving history, reluctantly breaking into the world of the common fish, and concerned and the old debts and relationships to prove all the bungling and the waste and the ineffectiveness and really I guess, the concept for people that characterized the last years of Sealwood's life. The Team was cutting back on government funds for what almost everyone guards as one of Joey's three greatest accomplishments. Memorial University is now producing evidence that Joey's second great achievement, the Churchill Falls power development, was a pretty crappy deal for Newfoundland, after all

That left only Confederation itself, Joey's most fantastic and forever-guaranteed example, but it was 23 years old, and it was not hard to get members of The Team to point out that if you give a man hundreds of millions of federal dollars to improve the lot of half a million people, an odd talent then he sure to be able to be able to make himself look pretty good.

Moore himself, during our little drinking session at my rate, showed no powerful interest in juggling Newfoundland of the Sealwood myth. He talked more about the restoration of steel industry about promising fish, growing steel mills, including plans for work, cutting Newfoundland's wood for building materials and five factories of bringing in Newfoundland and Labrador's "Scandinavian-type economy," and a tourist industry with a rugged Newfoundland character. He said, "We're almost fortunate in that we're so backward we've almost escaped the industrialized age," and he talked, too, about "getting people up off their asses to control and take advantage of literally everything we have." He said his government was "basically enacting a program to enable people to believe in themselves." To enable Newfoundlanders to recover their pride in though they were downfallen blacks.

Maybe before too long, the whole Team will forget Sealwood. He's gone and a lot of Newfoundlanders must feel that way. Now Sir Robert Bond, a former prime minister, left in 1978. "We had a variety of Newfoundland politicians, and I saw from the dirty business with contempt and loathing." And maybe Frank Moore can stick to his program. Maybe, despite all the future and crooked politicians of the past half-century, Frank Moore can even keep The Team honest. Maybe it would be a new thing. It would be so smart and profound a change.

On the morning after—it was another great morning, fragrant, impossible summer day—I went for a walk in downtown St. John's. I was feeling as you do in Newfoundland that you're alone in an older and better time and all at once, seven little boys went from a noisy wooden house and ran right down the middle of the sleeping street, saw the sun on their moving hair and color in their faces and they were all yelling "Ranney" and "Yannette" and they wheeled into a corner road, beyond them and below them and between the old buildings, I could see a white car, a white car, a white car, and perfect harbor, and the dark stone of the far side and the charging wave clouds over the North Atlantic and I thought, Frank Moore, if you were now out too, how long would your big job last? ■



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with damp brooding eyes and rattle cheeks under his full growth of beard, he looked anything but the happy he is sometimes called by local folk.

"One of the reasons we're here," he begins, "is constantly that we're going to school. We're learning and teaching our children that when down it come from a top and food doesn't grow in supermarkets. Every day this week I've had my kids out at first light in the morning. We get up and go and pick wild raspberries. At the university you don't learn anything about those things. You don't learn anything about survival or reality. You just learn how to be a bit smart."

Both the Herveys are graduates of the University of Toronto. Jim has a degree in Islamic studies and spent four summers in Harvard studying Arabic. Erin is a teacher of French and Latin whose formal career spanned a year-and-a-half in Toronto's exclusive Haverhill College, a private school for girls.

"A lot of people in this area are extremely devout or religious," he continues. "When we set up our own school last year [located in the Herveys' granty] we found we had more qualified teachers than students."

"It's a sense of a new kind of ethnic culture that's forming. And it has its problems like anything else. We don't live on a commune, but it is as if the people up here are like one giant commune or tribe, based more on the Indian model of a tribe. We get together for games and just occupy around the time of the summer solstice or harvest. And we have the school and a food co-op."

With the older kids at bed, Erin joined the conversation. She rocked as she warmed Jerry, the 18-month-old daughter Jim delivered in the middle of a January blizzard. "It takes a while," she said, "to get your own trip together and just understand what you're doing up here, especially when you're not sure what you want to compensate from the old life. But it's coming. You just go along creating constantly."

After three winters with a wood stove and fire stoves surrounded by 20-foot snow drifts, the Herveys are under no duress of living in a Garden of Eden. They regard their life as a concrete alternative to the city they escaped. It's a hard life at times. But they can't stomach of "the classic victim — good food and clean air." And they loved them. In the process they have dismissed the culture of urbanism and the university they see as its apologist.

Through radio books and magazines, they keep in close touch with what gets on outside their community. Last winter they taught construction of a church glass in a tent of the Environmental Control Act that went to the Ontario Supreme Court. They lost and that only served to confirm a belief that the

outside is refusing to face its problems and living a dangerous set of illusions. The Herveys' life is their university.

Through the Section, universities grew at an enormous rate. Governments made clear that the institutions had to ensure adequate space for the expanding student body. Future to do so would mean government loss of floor which would be reflected in spending money. Those who spoke the language of growth in the context of education were regarded as eccentrics by bureaucrats and scholars alike. For more see

versions in Canada are financed under a complicated formula tied to enrollment. Every student is worth a number of dollars to the institutions, and dollars mean buildings, staff and the like. Universities that can be seen on many campuses. After 1960, an enrollment tripled meant universities with thousands of students, 20,000-car parking lots, huge maintenance staffs and enormous expenditures were handed to a grateful nation. Schools like the University of Calgary which occupies hundreds of acres of land and cost \$150 million. Another

continued on page 117



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UNIVERSITIES

temple of learning in the liberal tradition. And students and parents made unprecedented sacrifices before the altar of upward mobility.

But now with enrollments sliding down and fewer programs coming to the altar, universities have deigned accordingly. Calgary is often recommended to expatriates as a site to afford. Those recommendations are made in the face of an erosion of the number of students likely to enroll. When such estimates are way off, as they were last year in the West and this year in Ontario, universities face some hard decisions. Programs must sometimes be cut, a freeze placed on hiring, and the education is critical enough even required faculty may have to be dismissed. Most universities do not have large endowment funds and they look to government to be bailed out.

A. W. B. Canadian, president of the University of Calgary, said one: "There are at the moment no viable solutions to our problems. If we are to have intelligent growth then the solutions are in the hands of the government. And if because involvement is done we have to cut a department or a faculty and industry can't become an employer, then the parents better realize that it's the fault of the government, not the university."

For his part, Floyd Chisholm, Chancellor of York University, both the problem itself has been everywhere. "I've seen a great deal of discontent, rebellious spirit, radical thinking, violence, protest against society, the establishment, etc. No university in the last 200 years has been free of these things and if it were a university, he might be thinking. But such dissent has been confined to a small minority (which in some respects the non-rebellious students are so many) collected around. Anyone who reads student newspapers to find out what the majority of students are thinking can be misled."

The mounting student phenomenon first appeared at the University of British Columbia, where the sale of the freshmen arts class dropped by about 600 students between 1969 and 1971. It didn't show up immediately in total enrollment because larger classes from previous years still swelled the ranks of upper years. But by last fall, universities throughout western Canada were experiencing what academics call "major shortfalls" in enrollment as freshmen classes shrank and larger numbers dropped out. The University of Alberta lost 1,300 fewer students than expected, and enrollments in Vancouver, Calgary, Regina and Saskatoon had similar shortfalls. This year the phenomenon is sweeping Ontario where universities face as overall 4% drop in applications.

For their part, the Maritimes have their eyes fixed apprehensively on Central

Canada's students (Nova Scotia's Saint Mary's University was advertising last summer to the Globe and Mail for students from Upper Canada and Delaware in Halifax noted a significant drop in applications to its arts faculty for September).

The exception is Quebec. In the last 10 years, the province built a network of independent schools called CEGEPs which a student must attend in the two years before going on to university. The result has been that more francophones have gone on to university, so enrollments have increased at such places as the University of Montreal and the University of Quebec, with decreasing visible enrollments at English universities. Paul Lacombe, executive director of the University of Montreal, pointed to the 12% increase in his enrollment and said he expected to see this continue at least the next few years. "Quebec is a different situation than the rest of the country because our level of scholarship has been lower. So we have to catch up. Enrollment seems to be moving rather rapidly toward the figures reached elsewhere sometime before."

Almost without exception, the enrollment shortfall is more severe at faculties of arts and sciences, the gem of any university. Education and engineering faculties have also continued to drop, mainly because there is little profit potential from a professional program when there are no jobs available. Applications continue to rise across the country for law, medicine, dentistry and other fields where jobs exist and enrollment in these faculties is severely limited, and there are often many more applicants than spaces available.

And there's the rub. The Canadian university has succeeded in becoming a "training school" for the middle-class values of the Father the universities developed on the model of the business-industrial complex. And like Louis XIV with his palace at Versailles they equated luxury with greatness. They continued, despite the dearth of the (Canadian) ideal, like the culture itself. A very American idea, shared by the high percentage of American professors in the humanities and social sciences whose interests have very little to do with the Canadian condition. No one seemed to notice that this is a nation of refugees, not local affluence.

As the professors were trained, the new students were processed. Few students understood why they couldn't seek to be professors as easily, but they accepted the idea. Now the universities are starting to realize they may have made a serious mistake. A few now speak of the need to create an environment in which the student is developing social conscience and critical awareness. Even to

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In 1968 we were all excited about a new "Canadian Way." A new government. A rich bilingual society. Democratization of culture. A new century ahead. Four years later many of us are wondering what ever happened to all that optimism. Did Canada grow up after its great Expo birthday party? Were strong new cultural policies brought out and nourished in Ottawa? The answer has to be, "No, not yet."

Secretary of State General Polleiter has been a Minister of Culture in all but name. Fortunately, he has supported a tradition that we associate with the Ministry of Education: the right of autonomous cultural agencies so that the party in power will not produce an official culture. Unfortunately, Polleiter has not gotten far with his major task: the establishment of cultural agencies. The tradition of problems rarely in copyright that cannot be worked out alone by industry or public agencies, and the big political job of winning battles in cabinet. (One suspects that Polleiter

The Liberal Party's first priority has been to appease society's lowest demographics by not making the cultural provinces too legalist. But the most obvious and easiest way to do this has been neglected: Canada will not be bilingual until the French and English languages are well taught in the schools; bilingual cultural education must be made widely available. To attempt to legislate bilingualism is to ask for initial trouble, whether in Sept-Isles or New Westminster. But to sponsor programs that make English and French equally available in every town would be a gentle and effective way to succeed, even though the change will take a generation.

The Library has been quite successful in supporting the Canadian Radio-Television Commission in its efforts to regulate Canadian content in all forms of broadcasting. The CRTC under Pierre Jusséa has been the toughest cultural agency that Canada has ever seen. It has insisted that we are highly intelligent people and that we should use and bear our own music, actors, writers and producers at least half of the time, if not more. In the same way, the Canadian Film Development Corporation, introduced by Judy LaMarsh, has been establishing a Canadian film industry. This industry is really coming out of the woodwork, but film makers will soon need to do more than better.

Information Canada (a \$10-million annual exercise) has certainly been the most inapt cultural idea that Canada has known. It has overlapped drastically with the CBC, the National Film Board and the private communications industry.

There were other cultural cagars that showed little evidence of serious policy planning. As we approached the election, the mission became quite strange. In what appeared to be an extraordinary lapse, the Secretary of State announced \$1.7 million (in support of the publishing industry, a \$300,000 theatre for Montreal's Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, \$250,000 for Les Jeunes Musiciens, and \$500,000 for the Shaw Festival at Niagara-on-the-Lake). These were welcome gifts, but what kind of cultural policy lay behind them?

This kind of spending has been opportunistic. The nation's real cultural priorities have been ignored because not enough thinking has gone on at the top.

BY HUGO McPHERSON



Whatever Happened To The Expo Promise?

ters where printed, filmed, taped and disc-recorded material will be available to all Canadian Media centres are the key to "demonstration of culture," and we should make them as happy and flexible and imaginative as we possibly can.

Third, new copyright conventions are required for books, articles, film, tapes, paintings, sculptures and photographs. The issue is that electronic copying is impossible to control. Indeed the *Paladin* comes through in red in this regard. The *Paladin* is a very good example of a publication that should use only the actual case of very handsome (and for his work, or should we denote a source of trapping him) or his publisher or corporate producer for every copy distributed. This is an extremely complex problem which managers, artists and publishers everywhere. Yet how can we control the copying of CMC? The *Paladin* is a case of just an idea and a publication, but many have only the rights for performance on its own stations. As a result, some of the most valuable "documents" of our age go into storage because the rights for further distribution have not been established. By contrast, book publishers have established the rights for their authors, and the owners of their material, and Canadian publishers cannot compete with such giant corporations as McGraw-Hill or Doubleday (both now owned by U.S.-based multinational corporations). Canadian magazines desperately need incentives that will allow them to stand up to the U.S. giant, the so-called Canadian editions of *Time* and *Reader's Digest*.

Should Canadian expression then be protected? If we take our own "Canadian apt," the only answer is Yes. Cultural planning is now essential in a global, ultra-urban, educational television (a sleeping subject since 1968), support for scholarly publications in the humanities and social sciences; support of museums, which should be simultaneously decentralizing and centralizing — extending their traveling shows across the nation, and keeping people in it, so those that cannot be transported.

Finally, the necessary support must come from all levels of government, but will there be enough thinking at the top and enough recognition that good ideas come from everywhere? ■

David McPherson is a professor of English at McGill

Then, what should be the priorities of our new government? First, if "de-concentration of culture" means anything, the establishment arts — big theatre, opera, symphony, ballet and classical arts institutions — are the first to go. They are the most expensive. Last year 73% or \$5.5 million of the Canada Council's \$7.5 million for the arts went to big establishments, while individual artists got less than 20% and writers a mere 1%? I do not mean to downgrade the value of the high arts, but I think they should be funded by the private sector, not the government, right? If corporations, executives and lobbyists who bossed really want such arts to survive, they should pay most of the cost. To three artists and then invite them to invite other parties should not be a national gesture for the affluent. Why shouldn't they be? They are the ones who can afford culture, where there are or can be, together at their own expense?

Second, the new government must think of the whole population, and the obvious answer is giving media centres — not old-fashioned libraries but open, fitted, taped and disc-recorded rooms to all Canadians. Media centres are extensions of culture,¹² and we should use them flexibly and imaginatively as we

[illegible]

is expression then be protected? If we read the style," the only answer is Yes. A new creation in a dome after another (a sleeping subject since 1967), superlatives in the humanities and social sciences, which should be something and something — extending their own the gates, and keeping people in minor be transported.

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BY HEATHER ROBERTSON



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The Unmaking Of An Image

The spotlight glints off his bald spot. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, his face lined with care, is seated in front of the fireplace, staring profoundly into the flames. He is wearing a bright red kamlayack shirt and cowboy boots. While Margaret, leaning back in a Victorian period blouse, hangs a French-Cascani teddy as the rockers Billy Justice in his United Empire Loyalist pine cradle. Through the window snow is falling softly at twilight, a blizzard in a red coat draped on park, unthinkingly disappointing himself a sword of white. At a signal from Bobby Ghosy, a choir of 500 Indian children assuaged on the lawn suddenly breaks into a swirling chaos of Co-wah, one little two little three is the starry path back to the lighted windows of 24 Sussex Drive against the snow. A maple captain appears across the bottom of the television screen: the Canada 50th, emotional tears well up the eyes of two million Canadians at home, anxiously waiting for *The Patriote Family* to rescue Harris, joined with patriotism. The Liberals win again.

The Liberal Party has not yet offered to purchase any political commercial, although it would obviously win the election for them in a landslide. The Prime Minister is somewhat fustian for a politician, he keeps his wife under lock and key and has an odd desire for personal publicity. This routine indicates that the Prime Minister is on to the hottest new trend in politics — celebrity. In a time of total exposure of all the most intimate details of politicians' lives, nothing offends the public like secrecy. Consequently, if a secret has already led to widespread speculation that she is a sed at a blackboard, I certainly hope we never know if the Prime Minister is was he will conduct a Sherlock Holmes campaign throwing out the odd clue, dropping a few cryptic remarks, showcasing himself from public view into the arena, putting off his curiosity, protest has just to find out how it will end this time around.

Reveal step off TV. This advice also applies to the generic leaders of the other two parties. Conservative Robert Stanfield and Liberal Lewis of the NDP. A lot has been learned about television since the days when a politician who considered himself an actor as he put his big arm in front of a camera. Television is helpful only to an unknown. It helped elect Peter Lougheed in Alberta, Ed Schreyer in Manitoba and William "Bill" Davis in Ontario because people were simply curious about them. Television is a disaster for a politician already in office. His faults are already too well known. TV only supplies him to the best and knows of his private life, as he is a politician, as he is. Once a politician has lost the respect and affection of the public, his use of television reinforces our hostility by giving us a symbol to loathe and an image to shun.

Pierre Trudeau is in this position. Possibly the most damaging trait about the Prime Minister's face seen in office has been the diverse, unrecognizable change in his TV image. Who is the withdrawn man with the pale, tight face and thin, aristocratic lips who shoots anger in words to demonstrators on Parliament Hill? Or is he the same young man who beamed smiling across the nation in 1968 with a cigarette in his hand, kissing pretty girls and leaving off driving himself? There is a growing awareness, which the Prime Minister does not discount, that the young man was a fraud, his promises were an ad agency's

invention and we were fooled. The Prime Minister's career, dash and steady appearances on television only remind us that the wit and charm and joy are long since gone, along with the new Canada; if this is the real Pierre Trudeau, he is better kept to himself.

Robert Stanfield should exploit his best natural asset, silence. Many politicians have practiced obscenity with enormous success. Conservative MP Walter Didsbury, a man of monumental charm, has been unashamedly rebuffed for promiscuity. My own MP, E. B. O'Brien (Liberal, Winnipeg South Centre), is neither seen nor heard; he has, if anything, become even more unknown since he went to Ottawa. It is a tactic I recommend to most politicians.

Political advertising was invented in the early States by ad men — Dalton Camp is the most notorious — trying to get rich by fitting new ears with hairpins and teaching them to read phonetics off one party. Campaigns like Joe Alford, trying hard to become politician, discovered to their surprise that politicians had all turned into opposite seasons. The ad men made a fortune and Canada is now governed by a host of green teddy bears.

Many people are worried about political commercials, fearing that by presenting a glossy image a political party could warp our perceptions and organize mass psychological resistance — Trudeauism on a mere national scale. These fears were most loudly expressed last year by the Ontario NDP, which with a leader who looks like a victim. I suspect that the ultimate effect of political advertising is all. Television's strange ability to reflect the same consumer resistance that makes us look with a jaundiced eye on halfhearted men peddling Michigan antipersonnel spray. So always have political "sponsors" become — how obviously that word equates — that Stanfield's lack of image is equated to be his greatest advantage. Blotter Bob. No language. No hair. It's a relief.

The only thing that counts is how a politician comes across in the news. If he looks like an idiot on the National all the 60-second blarney in the world won't save him. A politician who uses commercials to get himself elected finds himself trapped by his own image; he is forced to conform to it, if he doesn't, the public expects to believe in him. There is nothing more painful or more embarrassing than a political leader whose every gesture is a carefully rehearsed performance for the camera. As soon as he steps into the room you can hear the "click, what, click," as his neckman starts up and he breaks into a smile and acts his arms to move like a windmill doll. John Diefenbaker is the king of politicians. With Dief you are struck by the fact that, in the flesh, he looks exactly like he does on TV.

Many politicians who try to live a life eventually destroy himself. A Republican will attempt to control the news by carefully edited press releases and tightly regulated public appearances, but he will inevitably make a slip. Trudeau has tried to evade that pit by deliberately wrecking his own charisma. His manipulation of us in 1968 taught us a lesson in cynicism. Yet might not the new Trudeau, as he says to respect his Trudeau?

Heather Robertson is a Winnipeg writer and broadcaster.



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This year's election was no major issue as 71 of the 38 federal elected members of parliament (MPs) were re-elected. One of the issues to such extent, one is the Liberal government, and for those who prefer a two-party system, there was the "Liberal" question. However, where was X would have been and for that, it was a vote for the Liberal government, where it should go on October 30.

1. The main issue in the election of 1981 was over the level of world trade policy. Canada involved, Canada's trade with the United States. You would have (a) advocated unrestricted reciprocity — a symbol of open trade with the United States and the U.S. (b) supported protectionism — a symbol of the system of tariff and non-tariff barriers imposed from the U.S. (c) wanted a different policy (d) wanted a different policy (e) wanted a different policy

2. In 1982, Manitoba with a few francophone support from its Roman Catholic schools, offered to join the province of Ontario. At the time, the federal government decided that Manitoba was not its constitutional rights to be in, but in 1982, a committee of the Privy Council decided that the federal government could pass legislation to protect the rights of the province of Ontario. You would have (a) supported the constitutional rights of the province to decide its own future, but agreed the Manitoba government to be just and to be in, asking (b) to be provincial (c) to be provincial (d) advocated the use of referendum to prevent an act of invasion to the province (e) wanted a different policy

3. Before the 1981 election, the United States, apprehensive about the effects of a new law in Canada, suggested a dual treaty on reciprocity. Whether to support reciprocity or not, became a major issue of the election. You would have (a) supported free trade with the U.S. as a means to opening a larger market for Canadian exports and jobs (b) supported reciprocity (c) wanted a different policy (d) wanted a different policy (e) wanted a different policy

4. When Canada held an election in late 1987, World War I was in its 50th anniversary. The election was fought. The important question was how the country would adjust to peace-time conditions, specifically how the transition from a war-time economy to a peacetime one would be managed to it to avoid a recession. You would have (a) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (b) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (c) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (d) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (e) supported a program to develop and expand the economy

Do You Vote The Way You Should?

It is in its most critical period. The government has found it necessary to increase its borrowing because not enough revenues were collected. You would have (a) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (b) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (c) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (d) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (e) supported a program to develop and expand the economy

5. The election of 1980 was fought in the great Depression was starting. The economic issue revolved around unemployment. You would have (a) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (b) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (c) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (d) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (e) supported a program to develop and expand the economy

6. High unemployment and the loss of jobs after five years of worldwide depression were the issues when Canadians went to the polls in 1980. You would have (a) advocated the establishment of a national commission to deal with unemployment and the development of new employment insurance, wanted to work toward a dual treaty with the United States to open a larger market for Canadian exports and jobs (b) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (c) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (d) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (e) supported a program to develop and expand the economy

7. World War I was in its 50th anniversary when the 1987 election was fought. The important question was how the country would adjust to peacetime conditions, specifically how the transition from a war-time economy to a peacetime one would be managed to it to avoid a recession. You would have (a) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (b) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (c) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (d) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (e) supported a program to develop and expand the economy

areas of high unemployment and low levels with the world with an eye toward the establishment of an Atlantic economic community.

(a) supported an anti-unemployment program to include the reconstruction of seasonal industries with government funds. The establishment of an Atlantic economic board to expand economic opportunities in the Maritimes, the creation of a development fund in Canada and the establishment of a royal commission to probe Canada's structure and recommend reforms. (b) wanted a different policy.

10. One of the most bitter issues in the election of 1980 was whether or not Canada should arm itself with nuclear weapons from the United States. You would have (a) supported an arms control program with the United States and brought nuclear weapons into Canada. (b) supported a policy of arms control and storing nuclear weapons in Canada as a step toward nuclear disarmament. (c) wanted a different policy.

11. The big issue in 1980 was the demand for a constitutional amendment and the corresponding demand for constitutional reform. You would have (a) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (b) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (c) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (d) supported a program to develop and expand the economy (e) supported a program to develop and expand the economy

(a) advocated a program to develop and expand the economy (b) advocated a program to develop and expand the economy (c) advocated a program to develop and expand the economy (d) advocated a program to develop and expand the economy (e) advocated a program to develop and expand the economy

(a) advocated a program to develop and expand the economy (b) advocated a program to develop and expand the economy (c) advocated a program to develop and expand the economy (d) advocated a program to develop and expand the economy (e) advocated a program to develop and expand the economy

SPECIAL

but the Liberals, he'd just Social Credit.

"People here are tired of anarchy, they're concerned with law and order, they're concerned with doing their jobs and getting by, they're tired of Chevrolet and these nice boys nodding around the province making trouble. But there are provincial concerns. The federal election?" Noiremond.

On file as the wall of a man's bedroom in a Montreal bar, Trudeau wears a T-shirt that says:

Since January after the Jeanne-Mance housing development, Montreal. "Oh, you know, he's a rich man. It doesn't matter whether he's English or French, the rich are all alike."

Trudeau drives. Hall: "The federal government can't do anything anyway. It can't change the English. We have to do it ourselves, get rid of those rich English bastards in Montreal."

Bulger, Hall: "I'm voting Social Credit. That's the only party we've got, the only French party. All right, Trudeau is smart and Charbonneau is stupid, but since when did being smart get a French Canadian anywhere?"

From a notebook, Hall: If Quebec has issues, it's pulled them in. Federal election, so what? It's not happening here. What and so, maybe we'll separate, maybe we'll get on our way we will.

Trudeau must be enraged. He grows and wants to pull Quebec back into Canada, and Quebec sits on its heels and looks at the horizon. Fury and despair on Stasica Drive. The bilingual policy has changed English Canada, and done nothing to cut through his plural indifference in French Canada — and it's exactly this he's been fighting all his life, this ideological paralysis. This is what he means by "lousy French."

Look! says Trudeau. I got you a radio album in Vancouver! So what? says Quebec. Who goes to Vancouver? Who cares?

Well, if there is general apathy, boredom and sleepiness in the electorate, I am still finding my own country again, I am back on the farm my grandfather used to have, where I spent five summers growing up. A child to ride my head. In Toronto, I say that I am from Toronto, where I have lived for 28 years, but for the rest of the trip, I will tell people I am from Okanagan, BC, and watch it wear their face.

My uncle has taken over the farm now, my grand-

father is dead, my grandmother lives in Kelowna, 20 miles away. My sister and I take her back on the farm one afternoon the first time for my grandmother for the year, the first time for me in 12 years.

My uncle has put in Park chairs, sweeter and less likely to melt than the Bungee. They explode in your mouth like hot-cold water.

The two women stand by a grass, they stare around each other. The lake I used to swim in is dirty with algae. There have been a new parkhouse in the town, the old one is dark and empty.

A certain contempt. I have Francis Trudeau, writing about summers, writing about peaceful industry there. No wonder the rest of the country despises Toronto. It has nothing to do with the good things in the country.

But I will come back to Toronto, because that is where the money is, and I will become again part of that certain part of the city I am afraid grows affluent when made poor and cold and content.

Henry Bruce, a writer in Halifax: "I believe in this country. I don't know what it is. I think we are a blessed land, and — grown in some way I moved out of Toronto to rural Ontario, and then from there to Halifax, now I've got a cottage on a lake near here. Maybe I'll move there permanently. I feel I'm getting close to something important here."

And Toronto has been raising the country for so long that it does not care what the country is, the rest of the country is. Before I left Toronto, I was concerned about the American control of our economy, and on balance I still am. But the issue has unconsciously escaped the attention of the rest of the country. Almost nobody I ask is terrified of American domination, or imperialism, or even asks to the American's national flag.

A Vancouver industrialist: "There's not even an agreement out here. Let's face it, if Canada wants to be its own independent back — and I question whether anybody but a bunch of people in Toronto really want that — then it will have to make the kinds of sacrifices Canadians just won't put up with. Exactly how much of our standard of living will we give up for national purity? Tax protest? What could we get with our 10%? Not much. Would we give up 20% of our comforts? What would we get for it? It's a page down. This is an age in which corporations

Toronto: Trudeau is giving the country to the babies.

have no nationality, they couldn't care less whether they're in Winnipeg or Seattle, as long as they make a profit. Our protest won't make the least bit of difference. We're backing horses."

Robert Bolwell, a Toronto historian: "The basic trouble with the Liberal government is that it's been unable to concentrate its own ideologies, or it's been too arrogant to do so. Look at the range of opinions on the foreign ownership question — what the hell was the federal government doing about foreign ownership when the provinces, Quebec and BC particularly, declared that they will go with U.S. investment as matter what Ottawa has to say about it? Does Ottawa have the power to put the gun on the table and say it's blocking foreign investment no matter what the provinces have to say about it? No. So natural they bring in a bill that probably represents a reasonable decision, and then they refuse to explain just what led them to that decision — what the options were, and how narrow they were."

An American — an honest-to-God ugly American, with a crescent, a mustache, a cane, and a skinny wife in a cap, standing in the lobby of the Bayshore Inn in Vancouver: "You pay more to buy it back? So he's a capitalist. You pay at, such as the fact, for everything we've done for this country, and you can have it back tomorrow. I figure it would take about 10 times all the money you've got in the country, so who's going to lend you the money? Russia?"

It is irrational that I feel a burn of hatred of this. Perhaps half the people I meet would agree with him.

From a notebook, Toronto: Well, if the personalities are not the issue, what are the issues? Foreign investment? No. It's inconceivable, it has little to do with living. Poverty, the environment, keeping the country together? No. There is a general feeling that there are no real problems, that nothing can be done about them. Perhaps if Trudeau had been the man the country — that is, I thought he was in 1962, they would now be behind, but it seems that there is nothing to be done. There are no answers, there is no possibility of answers. And so there are no votes. There is clearly the prospect of a referendum, with a slow decline in the meaning of life and the possibility of being a bore.

Five years ago, people were amazed about their kids, now they just resent them. A dull loss of energy and enthusiasm.

Nathan Phillips Square, in front of Toronto's City Hall, is the place people make their first when they describe the death of King Town. It is, you understand, European, it is an open space in the centre of the city, a wilderness of the heart. In truth, it is a large square of concrete with a wading pool you are not supposed to wade in, and although people must to talk in Nathan Phillips Square they talk only to people they already know.

These are the old men on one end of the bench, and the kids on the other, as far away from each other as they can get, as though youth and age both continued positive or negative electrical charges that repelled each other.

"Politics," says the kid. "G'wan."

"Well, what about Trudeau?"

"Passionate one."

The girl laughs. The kid is using his culture as a weapon, a deliberate don't-hug-me way of saying you're old and I'm not. I want to throttle him. God damn it, kid, I am 29 years old, don't tell me I'm irrelevant.

One of the old men speaks up, his gravelly voice shaking with anger. "Ask me. Ask me about Trudeau."

"Well, what do you think of Trudeau?"

"I think he's a baboon, and I think he's giving the world to the baboons."

The kids are excited. Baboon? Fantasy out.

A childless in Winnipeg, his teeth black and red in the mirror mirror: "I grew up in the Depression, I fought in the war, and when I got back it was like coming back to another country. Everything had changed. The war gave us a look in the eye. I thought, boy, this country's going to grow now, this is it. . . . So 23 years later I'm doing a job. It didn't work out. But my son's in college." We are at a nightclub, he turns around, his smile later with decayed teeth. "So maybe we had to work for it as the kids could get it, eh?"

Two retired workers in a Halifax park, dressed with the meticulous care of those who have very little to do but dress, standing by the statue of the founder of the city. Look at that. They ripped off all the world leaders, they sprayed it with paint. . . . Well, I don't know. The government runs around, gives them this, gives them that, and what happens? They get paid on the statue."

From a notebook, Halifax: There are three million new voters, people who haven't voted before in a federal election, who were too young last time — people between the ages of 18 and 25. The political parties have set up special units to make specific pitches for the youth vote. Frontline. It doesn't exist. The surveys show the U.S. citizens indicate that the kids vote the way their parents do.



Montreal: "With these French kids, you've got to be tough."



no change. He shakes up from that quarter.

The country is in an interregnum, looking over its shoulder, waiting for some kind of apocalypse. Nobody has the power to do anything.

Arthur Brown: "It's a time of troubles. Moral and spiritual values have faded, we've lost our faith... we made a god of science, and now we see that science has brought us to the brink of global destruction. The young are questioning the very meaning of progress itself. They think they can talk with their guns. I've always been a 'technocrat', always thought and felt 'Canadian'. I've invested all my life in the country. I still think it's significant that the values offer a viable future. But there's a question in my mind as to whether the Canadian of today is prepared to go on paying the costs of being himself in his fathers' debt."

Bel Hamilton: "The acceleration of complexity, the rate of change, has outstripped the ability of institutions to find answers. If you try to solve a problem in government, it's like trying to put your finger on mercury — you can locate it all right, but when you try to do anything with it it breaks down on you. Democracy assumes that the average individual is capable of making a choice between policies that are put forward for his consideration. I question whether that's the case today. And yet the responsibility is still laid on us. We're being asked to do something that many people are incapable of doing."

But I've made my choice, of course. I have had my alternatives: retire to the country, move out of the country, take up the guitar, become an actor, make a film or playwriting... but the system is paying off for me. I make a comfortable living explaining to people within the system that the system doesn't work anymore. The national role of my 20th century is busy.

But, on consideration, I'm not unhappy. Just in a malaise. Like the rest of the country. And more than a hint of self-pity in myself and in the country, too. Twenty-two years old. Poor baby.

An Ottawa journalist: "Trodden's failure is emblematic. He came into power convinced that anything was possible in government. That all one needed was the disciplined use of intelligence. He discovered very quickly that that was not the case. He organized the political system at the top to bring varying points of view into play on each question, there were to be no strong ministers of departments, nobody in charge of housing — each question would go through a committee of intelligent men, who would deliberate and arrive at the options, and then choose — interpreted by Trodden — would make the decision."

"It sounded fine, and in certain cases it worked — the solution to the problem of sovereignty in the north came out of the Prime Minister's office, Jean Ives Bled, but the new system itself didn't work. It took too long, nobody had the power to make real, clear-cut decisions fast. He discovered that you simply could not implement a new order on the existing structure and get immediate results. The application of intelligence was overrated."

At the end, depression. The country is bored, self-doubt, named on. The government is unchangeable.

I borrowed down through my books, found something that Trodden had written in *City Limits*, in 1962. "If Canada as a State has had as little room for French Canadians it is above all because we have failed to make ourselves indispensable to its future... if we make an exception of Lamer, I fail to see a single French Canadian in more than three quarters of a century, whose presence in the federal cabinet might be considered indispensable to the

history of Canada as written — except at election time, of course, when the tribe always invokes the aid of its witch doctor. Similarly, in the ranks of senior civil servants, there is probably not one who could be said to have decisively and beneficially influenced the development of our administration in his, for example, as D. D. Stelton, a Genshew Towers, or a Norman Robertson."

"Consequently, an examination of the few nationalistic 'victims' carried off at Ottawa after years of wrangling in high places will reveal probably none that could not have been won in the course of a single cabinet meeting by a French Canadian of the caliber of C. D. Howe. Let's face it: all our cabinet ministers put together would barely ever have matched the weight of a bilingual cheque or the name of a hotel."

There it was. The poet voice of the country had come to its capital with a burning ambition to be... C. D. Howe.

And possibly, 10 years ago it might have worked. Nobody can say that Jean Marchand and Olafur Peltsson and Pierre Elliott Trudeau together did not mean more than the coal proof that French Canadians could wear the vest of power as well as the English, it needed a magazine to demystify government, systems, and the country itself.

It is still waiting, across the country the citizens are under cover. ■



Historic: "What happens? They put paint on the statues."



A Vodka Martini with a Lenin twist?

Why not? When we took Alberta Vodka to Leningrad, Russia's "Venice of the North", we knew we were going to the country that's famous for vodka.

The Russians take theirs straight. But with vermouth? And a twist of lemon? In vodka? Nyet? Until some of our Russian friends tried it... and

suddenly lemon, and onions, and olives joined the ranks of their traditional garnishes—tagarines or hot tea.

It just goes to show: even in a country that's famous for its vodka, you don't have to have a Russian sounding name to make a *spetsialnaya** Vodka Martini.

Just ask the Russians...

Alberta Vodka
makes a *spetsialnaya** everything!

*great



It's Yellow Fever season.

This is the only time of the year when you can do nothing and not feel guilty. Doing absolutely nothing, however, isn't all that easy.

Last summer we were sitting around trying to do nothing, when we accidentally came up with a drink as refreshing as summer itself. It's called Yellow Fever. You might try one the next time you set out to do nothing. It's really something.



To make a Yellow Fever, fill a tall glass with ice and lemonade. Add one and one-half oz. of Smirnoff and stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless.